

THE *Mr*
Gentle Shepherd:

A
Scots Pastoral Comedy:

With all the SONGS.

By ALLAN RAMSAY.



PATIE the GENTLE SHEPHERD here you see,
As happy a Lad as he could wish to be,
While by his side his lovely PEGGY stands:
And ROGER with his JENNY feeds their lambs.

F A L K I R K:
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M.DCC.LXXXV.

The PERSONS.

M E N.

SIR WILLIAM WORTHY.

PATIE, *the* GENTLE SHEPHERD, *in love with* PEGGY.

ROGER, *a rich young* Shepherd, *in love with* JENNY.

SYMON, } *Two old Shepherds, Tenants to*
CLAUD, } *Sir WILLIAM.*

BAULDY, *a Hynd, engaged with* NEPS.

W O M E N.

PEGGY, *thought to be* CLAUD's *Niece.*

JENNY, CLAUD's *only Daughter.*

MAUSE, *an old Woman supposed to be a Witch.*

ELSPA, SYMON's *Wife.*

MADGE, CLAUD's *Sister.*

SCENE, *A Shepherd's Village and Fields, some few Miles from* EDINBURGH.

Time of Action within Twenty-four Hours.



The Gentle Shepherd.

ACT I. SCENE I.

*Beneath the south-side of a craigy bield,
Where crystal springs their halefome waters yield;
Twa youthful shepherds on the gowans lay,
Tenting their flocks ae bonny morn of May,
Poor ROGER granes till hallow echoes ring,
But blyther PATIE likes to laugh and sing.*

PATIE and ROGER.

PATIE. SANG I. *The waking of the Faulds.*

MY PEGGY is a young thing,
Just enter'd in her teens,
Fair as the day, and sweet as May,
Fair as the day, and always gay,
My PEGGY is a young thing,
And I'm not very auld,
Yet well I like to meet her at
The waking of the fauld.
My PEGGY speaks fae sweetly,
Whene'er we meet alane,
I wish nae mair to lay my care,
I wish nae mair of a' that's rare.
My PEGGY speaks fae sweetly,
To a' the leave I'm cauld:
But she gars a' my spirits glow
At waking of the fauld.
My PEGGY smiles fae kindly,
Whene'er I whisper love,
That I look down on a' the town,
That I look down upon a crown.
My PEGGY smiles fae kindly,
It makes me blyth and bauld;
And naething gies me sic delight
As waking of the fauld.
My PEGGY sings fae fastly,
When on my pipe I play;

PATIE and ROGER.

By a' the rest it is confest,
 By a' the rest that she sings best.
 My PEGGY sings sae fastly,
 And in her sangs are tald,
 With innocence, the wale of sense,
 At waking of the fauld.

THIS funny morning, Roger, chears my blood,
 And puts all nature in a jovial mood.
 How heartsome is't to see the rising plants,
 To hear the birds chirm o'er their pleasing rants!
 How hale some 'tis to snuff the cawler air,
 And all the sweets it bears when void of care!
 What ails thee, Roger, then? what gars thee grane?
 Tell me the cause of thy ill-season'd pain.

Roger. I'm born, O Patie, to a thrawart fate!
 I'm born to strive with hardships sad and great!
 Tempests may cease to jaw the rowand flood,
 Corbies and tods to grien for lambkins blood;
 But I, opprest with never ending grief,
 Maun ay despair of lighting on relief.

Pat. The bees shall lothe the flow'r and quit the hive,
 The faughs on boggy ground shall cease to thrive,
 Ere scornful queans, or loss of worldly gear,
 Shall spill my rest, or ever force a tear.

Rog. Sae might I say, but 'tis no easy done,
 By ane whase faul's sae sadly out of tune.
 You have sae fast a voice, and slide a tongue,
 You are the darling of both auld and young.
 If I but ettle at a sang, or speak,
 They dit their lugs, syne up their leglens cleek;
 And jeer me hameward frae the loan or bught,
 While I'm confus'd with morny a vexing thought.
 Yet I am tall, and as well built as thee,
 Nor mair unlikely to a lass's eye.
 For ilka sheep ye have, I'll number ten,
 And should, as ane may think, come farer ben.

Pat. But ablins, ribour, ye have not a heart,
 And downa eithly wi' your cunzie part.



If that be true, what signifies your gear?
A mind that's scrimpit never wants some care.

Rog. My byar tumbled, nine brawnout were sinoor'd,
Three elf-shot were, yet I these ills endur'd:
In winter last my cares were very sina',
Tho' scores of wathers perish'd in the snaw.

Pat. Were your bein rooms as thinly stock'd as mine,
Less you wad loss, and less you wad repine.
He that has just enough can soundly sleep;
The o'ercome only fashies fouk to keep.

Rog. May plenty flow upon thee for a cross,
That thou may'st thole the pangs of mony a loss.
O may'st thou dote on some fair paughty wench,
That ne'er will lout thy lowan drowth to quench,
Till, birs'd beneath the burden, thou cry dool,
And awn that ane may fret that is nae fool.

Pat. Sax good fat lambs, I fauld them ilka clut,
At the West-port, and bought a winsome flute,
Of plume-tree made, wi' iv'ry virls round,
A dainty whistle wi' a pleasant sound;
I'll be mair canty wi't, and ne'er cry dool,
Than you, with all your cash, ye dowie fool.

Rog. Na, Patie, na! I'm nae sic churlish beast,
Some ither thing lies heavier at my breast.
I dream'd a dreary dream this hinder night,
That gars my flesh a' creep yet wi' the fright.

Pat. Now, to a friend, how silly's this pretence,
To ane wha you and a' your secrets kens?
Daft are your dreams, as daftly wad you hide
Your well seen love, and dorty Jenny's pride.
Take courage, Roger, me your sorrows tell,
And safely think nane kens them but yoursell.

Rog. Indeed now, Patie, ye have guess'd o'er true,
And there is naithing I'll keep up frae you:
My dorty Jenny looks upon a-squint,
To speak but till her I dare hardly mint.
In ilka place she jeers me air and late,
And gars me look bombaz'd, and unco blate.
But yesterday I met her 'yont a know,
She fled as frae a shelly-coated kow.

PATIE and ROGER.

She Bauldy loes, Bauldy that drives the car;
But gecks at me, and says, I smell of tar.

Pat. But Bauldy loes not her, right well I wat;
He sighs for Neps:—Sae that may stand for that.

Rog. I wish I cou'd'na loe her:—but in vain;
I still maun do't, and thole her proud disclain.
My bawty is a cur I dearly like;
Even while he fawn'd, she strake the poor dumb tyke:
If I had fill'd a nook within her breast,
She wad ha' shawn mair kindnefs to my beast.
When I begin to tune my stock and horn,
Wi' a' her face she shaws a cauldriife scorn:
Last night I play'd, ye never heard sic spite,
Oe'r Bogie was the spring, and her delyte;
Yet tauntingly she at her cousin speer'd
Gif she could tell what tune I play'd, and sneer'd.
Flocks, wander where ye like, I dinna care,
I'll break my reed, and never whistle mair.

Pat. E'en do sae, Roger, wha can help misluck,
Saebiens she be sic a thrawn gabbet chuck?
Yonders a craig: since ye have tint all hope,
Gae til't your ways, and take the lover's loup.

Rog. I need na mak sic speed my blood to spill;
I'll warrant death come soon enough a-will.

Pat. Daft gowk! leave aff that silly whinging way:
Seem careless, there's my hand ye'll win the day.
Hear how I serv'd my lass I love as well
As ye do Jenny, and with a heart as leel.
Last morning I was gay and early out,
Upon a dyke I lean'd, glowing about:
I saw my Meg come linking o'er the lee;
I saw my Meg, but Meggy saw nae me:
For yet the sun was wading thro' the mist,
And she was close upon me e'er she wist.
Her coats were kiltit, and did sweetly shaw
Her straight bare legs that whiter were than snaw:
Her cockernonny snooded up fou sleek;
Her haffet-locks hang waving on her cheek:
Her cheeks ruddy, and her een sae clear;
Her's like ony hinny-pear.

Neat, neat she was in bustline waste-coat clean,
 As she came skiffing o'er the dewy green.
 Blythsome I cry'd, My bonny Meg come here;
 I ferly wherefore ye're fae soon after;
 But I can guess ye're gawn to gather dew:
 She scow'r'd away, and said, What's that to you?
 Then fare ye well, Meg-dorts, and e'ens ye like,
 I careless cry'd; and lap in o'er the dyke.
 I trow, when that she saw, within a crack,
 She came wi' a right thieveleis errand back;
 Misca'd me first,—then bade me hund my dog
 To wear up three waff yews stray'd on the bog.
 I leugh, and sae did she; then with great haste
 I clasp'd my arms about her neck and waist,
 About her yielding waste, and took a fouth
 Of sweetest kisses frae her glowand mouth.
 While hard and fast I held her in my grips,
 My very faul came louping to my lips.
 Sair, sair she flet wi' me 'tween ilka snack:
 But weel I kend she meant nae as she spake.
 Dear Roger, when your jo puts on her gloom,
 Do ye sae too, and never fash your thumb.
 Seem to forsake her, soon she'll change her mood;
 Gae woo anither, and she'll gang clean wood.

SANG II. *Ey gar rub her o'er with frae.*

*Dear Roger, if your Jenny geck,
 And answer kindness with a slight,
 Seem unconcern'd at her neglect,
 For women in a man delight:
 But them despise who're soon defeat,
 And wit's a simple face give way
 To a repulse—then be not bleat,
 Push bauldly on, and win the day.
 When Maidens, innocently young,
 Say often what they do not mean;
 Ne'er mind their pretty lying tongue,
 But tent the language of their een.*

*If these agree, and she persist
To answer all your love with hate,
Seek elsewhere to be better blest;
And let her sigh when 'tis too late.*

Rog. Kind Patie, now, fair fa' your honest heart,
Ye're ay sae cadgy, and hae sic an art
To hearten ane; for now, as clean's a leek,
Ye've cherish'd me since ye began to speak.
Sae, for your pains, I'll make you a propine,
(My mother, aet her faul, she made it fine,)
A tartan plaid, spun of good hallock woo,
Scarlet and green the sets, the borders blue,
Wi' sprains like goud and filler, cross'd wi' black;
I never had it yet upon my back.
Well are ye wordy o't, wha have sae kind
Red up my ravel'd doubts, and clear'd my mind.

Pat. Weel, hald ye there; and since ye've frankly
A present to me of your braw new plaid, (made
My flute's be your's, and she too that's sae nice
Shall come a will, gif ye'll tak my advice.

Rog. As ye advise, I'll promise to obsery't,
But ye maun keep the flute, ye best deserv't.
Now take it out, and gie's a bonny spring,
For I'm in tift to hear you play and sing.

Pat. But first we'll tak a turn up to the height,
And see gif a' our flocks be feeding right:
Be that time bannocks, and a shave of cheese,
Will make a breakfast that a laird may please,
Might please the daintiest gabs, were they sae wise,
To season meat with health instead of spice.
When we ha'e ta'en the grace drink at this well,
I'll whistle fine, and sing t'ye like mysell. *Exeunt.*

ACT. I. SCENE II.

*A flowrie houn between twa verdant braes,
Where lasses use to wash and spread their clathes:
A trotting burnie whimpling thro' the ground.
Its channel pebbles shining smooth and round.*

*Here view twa bare-foot beauties clean and clear ;
First please your eyes, next gratify your ear,
While JENNY what she wishes discommends,
And MEG with better sense true love defends.*

PEGGY and JENNY.

Jen. COME, Meg, let's fa' to wark upon this green,
This shining day will bleach our linen clean ;
The water's clear, the list unclouded blue,
Will make them like a lily wet wi' dew.

Peg. Go farer up the burn to Habbie's how,
Where a' the sweets of spring and summer grow :
Between twa birks, out o'er a little lin,
The water fa's and makes a singand din ;
A pool breast deep, beneath as clear as glass,
Kisses with easy whirls the bord'ring grass :
We'll end our washing while the morning's cool ;
And when the day grows het, we'll to the pool,
There wash our fells—'Tis healthful now in May,
And sweetly cauler on so warm a day.

Jen. Daft lassie, when we're naked, what'll ye say,
Gif our twa herds come bratling down the brae,
And see us fae? That jeering fallow Pate;
Wad taunting say, Haith lasses, ye're no blate.

Peg. We're far frae ony rod, and out of sight ;
The lads they're feeding far beyont the height ;
But tell me now, dear Jenny, (we're our lane)
What gars you plague your woer wi' disdain ;
The neighbours a tent this as well as I,
That Roger loes you, yet ye carena by.
What ails ye at him? troth between us twa,
He's wordy you the best day e'er ye saw.

Jen. I dinna like him, Peggy, there's an end.
A herd mair sheepish yet I never kend :
He kais his hair indeed, and gaes right snug,
With ribbon knots at his blew bonnet lug ;
Whilk pensily he wears a thought a-jee,
And spreads his garters dic'd beneath his knee ;
He faulds his owerley down his breast with care,
And sew gangs trigger to the kirk or fair.

For a' that, he can neither sing nor say,
Except, How d'ye?—or, There's a bonny day.

Peg. Ye dash the lad with constant slighting pride,
Hatred for love is unco fair to bide:
But ye'll repent ye, if his love grow cauld;
What like's a dorty maiden when she's auld?

S A N G III. *Polwart on the Green.*

*The dorty will repent,
If lover's heart grow cauld,
And nane her smiles will tent,
Soon as her face looks auld.
The dauted bairn thus takes the pet,
Nor eats tho' hunger crave;
Whimpers and tarrows at its meat,
And's laught at by the lave:
They jest it till the dinner's past;
Thus, by itself abus'd,
The fool thing is oblig'd to fast,
Or eat what they've refus'd.*

Fy! Jenny, think, and dinna sit your time.

Jen. I never thought a single life a crime.

Peg. Nor I:—but love in whispers let's us ken,
That men were made for us, and we for men.

Jen. If Roger is my jo, he kens himsel;
For sic a tale I never heard him tell.
He glours and sighs, and I can guess the cause;
But wha's oblig'd to spell his hims and haws?
When'er he likes to tell his mind more plain,
I'll tell him frankly ne'er to do't again.
They're fools that slavery like, and may be free:
The chieles may a knit up themselves for me.

Peg. Be doing your ways; for me, I have a mind
To be as yielding as my Patie's kind.

Jen. Heh las! how can ye lo'e that rattle scull,
A very de'il that ay maun hae his will?
We'll soon hear tell what a poor fighting life
You twa will lead fae soon's ye're man and wife.

The GENTLE SHEPHERD. 11

SANG IV. *O dear Mother what shall I do.*

*O dear Peggy, love's beguiling,
We ought not to trust his smiling;
Better far to do as I do,
Lest a harder luck betide you.
Lasses, when their fancy's carried,
Think of nought but to be married:
Running to a life d'stroys
Heartsome, free, and youthfu' joys.*

Peg. I'll rin the risk; nor ha'e I ony fear,
But rather think ilk langsome day a year,
Till I with pleasure mount my bridal-bed,
Where on my Patie's breast I'll lean my head.
There we may kifs as lang as kissing's good,
And what we do there's nane dare call it rude.
He's get his will: why no! 'tis good my part
To give him that, and he'll gie me his heart.

Jen. He may indeed for ten or fifteen days
Make meikle o'ye, wi' an unco fraise,
And daut you baith afore fouk and your lane;
But soon as his newfangleness is gane,
He'll look upon you as his tether-stake,
And think he's tint his freedom for your sake:
Instead then of lang days of sweet delyte,
Ae day be dumb, and a' the neist he'll flyte;
And may be in his bareley-hoods ne'er stick
To lend his loving wife a lound'ring lick.

Peg. Sic coarse-spun thoughts as thae want pith to
My settled mind, I'm o'er far gane in love, (move.
Patie to me is dearer than my breath,
But want of him I dread nae ither skaith.
There's nane of a' the herds that tread the green
Has sic a smile, or sic twa glancing een.
And then he spea's with sic a taking art,
His words they thrile like music thro' my heart,
How blythly can he sport, and gently rave,
And jest at feckless fears that fright the lave?
Ilk day that he's alane upon the hill,
He reads fell books that teach him meikle skill.

He is—But what need I say that or this?
 I'd spend a month to tell you what he is!
 In a' he says or does, there's sic a gate,
 The rest seem coofs compar'd wi' my dear Pate.
 His better sense will lang his love secure:
 Ill nature hefts in fauls that's weak and poor.

Jen. Hey bonny lass of Brankson, or't be lang;
 Your witty Pate will put you in a sang.
 O 'tis a pleasant thing to be a bride;
 Syne whinging getts about your ingle-side.
 Yelping for this or that with fasheous din:
 To make them brats then ye maun toil and spin,
 Ae wain fa's sick, ane scads itself wi' broe,
 Ane breaks his shin, anither tines his shoe.
 The de'il gaes o'er Jock Wabster: hame grows hell,
 When Pate miscaws ye war than tongue can tell.

PEG. SANG V. *How can I be sad on my wedding-day.*

How shall I be sad when a husband I hae
 That has better sense than any of thae
 Sour weak silly fellows, that stady like fools
 To sink their ain joy, and make their wives snools.
 The man who is prudent ne'er lightlies his wife,
 Or with dull reproaches encourages strife;
 He praises her virtues and ne'er will abuse
 Her for a small failing, but find an excuse.

Yes, 'tis a heartsome thing to be a wife,
 When round the ingle side young sprouts are rise.
 Gif I'm sae happy, I shall have delight
 To hear their little plaints, and keep them right,
 Wow Jenny? can their greater pleasure be,
 Than see sic wee tots toolying at your knee?
 When a' they ettle at,—their greatest wish,
 Is to be made of, and obtain a kiss?

Can there be toil in tending day or night
 The like of them, when love makes care delight?

Jen. But poortith, Peggy, is the warst of a':
 Gif o'er your head ill chance shou'd beggary draw:
 But little love or canty chear can come
 Frae duddy doublets and a pantry toom.
 Your nowt may die;—the spate may bear away
 Frae off the houns your dainty rucks of hay—

The thick blawn wreaths of snaw, or blasby thows,
 May smoor your wathers, and may rot your ewes.
 A dyvotir buys your butter, woo' and cheese,
 But, or the day of payment breaks and flees;
 With glooman brow the laird seeks in his rent;
 'Tis no to gie; your merchant's to the bent:
 His honour manna want, he poinds your gear:
 Syne, driven frae house and hauld, where will ye steer:
 Dear Meg, be wife, and live a single life;
 Troth 'tis nae mows to be a married wife.

Peg. May sic ill luck befa' that silly she
 Wha has sic fears, for that was never me.
 Let fowk bode well, and strive to do their best:
 Nae mair's requir'd, let heav'n make out the rest.
 I've heard my honest uncle aften say,
 That lads shou'd a' for wives that's virtuous pray;
 For the maist thrifty man cou'd never get
 A well stor'd room, unless his wife would let.
 Wherefore nocht shall be wanting on my part,
 To gather wealth to raise my shepherd's heart.
 Whate'er he wins, I'll guide wi' canny care,
 And win the vogue, at market, trone or fair,
 For halefome, clean, cheap and sufficient ware.
 A flock of lambs, cheese, butter, and some woo,
 Shall first be sold, to pay the laird his due;
 Syne a' behind's our ain.—Thus without fear,
 With love and routh we thro' the warld will steer;
 And when my Pate in bairns and gear grow rise,
 He'll blest the day he gat me for his wife.

Jen. But what if some young giglet on the green,
 With dimpled cheeks and twa bewitching een,
 Shou'd gar your Patie think his half-worn Meg,
 And her kend kisses hardly worth a feg?

Peg. Nae mair or that.—Dear Jenny, to be free,
 There's some men constanter in love than we.
 Nor is the ferly great, when nature kind
 Has blest them wi' solidity of mind.

They'll reason calmly, and with kindness smile,
 When our short passions wad our peace beguile.
 We whensoever they slight their maiks at hame,
 'Tis ten to ane the wives are maist to blame.

Then I'll employ with pleasure a' my art
 To keep him chearfu', and secure his heart.
 At e'en, when he comes weary frae the hill,
 I'll have all things made ready to his will:
 In winter, when he toils through wind and rain,
 A bleesing ingle and a clean hearth-stane:
 And soon as he flings by his plaid and staff,
 The seething pot's be ready to take aff.
 Clean hag-a-bag I'll spread upon his board,
 And serve him with the best we can afford.
 Good humour and white bigonets shall be
 Guards to my face to keep his love for me.

Jen. A dish of married love right soon grows cauld,
 And dosens down to nane, as fowk grows auld.

Peg. But we'll grow auld together, and ne'er find
 The loss of youth, when love grows on the mind.
 Bairns, and their bairns, make sure a firmer tye,
 Than ought in love the like of us can spy.
 See yon twa elms that grow up side by side,
 Suppose them, some years syne, bridegroom and bride,
 Nearer and nearer ilka year they've prest,
 Till wide their spreading branches are increast,
 And in their mixture now are fully blest.
 This shields the other frae the eastlen blast,
 That in return defends it frae the wast:
 Sic as stand single—(a state sae lik'd by you!)
 Beneath ilk storm frae every airth maun bow.

Jen. I've done—I yield, dear lassie I maun yield,
 Your better sense has fairly won the field,
 With the assistance of a little fae,
 Lies darn'd within my breast this monny a day.

S A N G VI. *Nansy's to the Green wood gane.*

I yield, dear lassie, you have won;
 And there is nae denying:
 That sure as light flows frae the sun,
 Frae love proceeds complying.
 For a' that we can do or say
 'Gainst love, nae thinker heeds us;
 They ken our bosoms lodge the fae
 That by the heart-strings lead us.

Peg. Alake! poor pris'ner! Jenny, that's no fair,
 That ye'll no let the wee thing tak the air;

Haste let him out: we'll tent as well's we can,
Gif he be Bauldy's or poor Roger's man.

Jen. Anither time's as good;—for see the sun
Is right far up, and we're no yet begun
To freath the greath;—if canker'd Madge our aunt
Come up the burn, she'll gie's a wicked rant.
But when we've done I'll tell you a' my mind;
For this seems true,—nae lafs can be unkind.

End of the First Act.

Exeunt.

ACT II. SCENE I.

A snug thack house, before the door a green;
Hens on the nidding, ducks in dubs are seen;
On this side stands a barn, on that a byar;
A peet-stack joins, and forms a rural square.
The house is Glaud's—there you may see him lean,
And to his divet-seat invite his friend.

GLAUD and SYMON.

Gla. **G**ood-morrow, nibour Symon:—come sit down,
And gie's your cracks—What's a' the news
They tell me ye was in the ither day, (in town?)
And sald your crummock and her bassen'd quey.
I'll warrant you've bought a pound of cut and dry:
Lug out your box and gi'es a pipe to try.

Sym. With a' my heart—and tent me now auld boy,
I've gather'd news will kittle your heart wi' joy!
I coa'dna rest till I came o'er the burn,
To tell you things have taken sic a turn,
Will gar our vile oppressors stend like slaes,
And skulk in hidlings on the hether braes.

Gla. Fy blaw;—ah Symmie, rattling chiels ne'er stand
To cleck and spread the grossest lies aff-hand:
Whilk soon flies round, like wil-fire far and near:
But loose your pock; be't true or false, let's hear.

Sym. Seeing s believing, Glaud; and I have seen—
Hab, that abroad has with our master been;
Our brave good master wha right wisely fled,
And left a fair estate to save his head,
Because ye ken fu' well he bravely chose
To stand his liege's friend with great Montrose.
Now Cromwell's gone to Nick: and ane ca'd Monk
Has play'd the rumple a right flee begunk;

Restor'd King CHARLES; and ilka thing's in tune:
And Habby says, we'll see Sir William soon.

SANG VII. *' Could kale in Aberdeen.*

Could be the rebel's cast,
Oppressors base and bloody;
I hope we'll see them at the last
Strung a' up in a woody.
Blest be he of worth and sense,
And ever high in station,
That bravely stands in the defence
Of conscience, king and nation.

Gla. That makes me blyth indeed, but dinna flaw;
Tell o'er your news again, and swear till't a'.
And saw ye Hab; and what did Halbert say?
They have been e'en a dreary time away.
Now God be thanked that our laird's come hame:
And his estate, say, can he eithly claim?

Sym. They that hag-raid us till our guts-ld grain,
Like greedy bairs, dare nae mair do't again;
And good Sir William shall enjoy his ain.

Gla. And may he lang; for never did he stent
Us in our thriving with a racket rent,
Nor grumbl'd if ane grew rich, or shor'd to raise
Our mailens when we pat on Sunday's claiiths.

Sym. Nor wad he lang, wi' senseless faucy air,
Allow our lyart noddles to be bare.
"Put on your bonnet, Symon;—take a feat—
"How's all at hame? how's Elspa? how does Kate?
"How sells black cattle?—what gie's woo this year?"
And sic like kindly questions wad he spear.

SANG VIII. *Mucking of Geordy's byr.*

The laird who in riches and honour
Wad thrive, should be kindly and free,
Nor rack his poor tenants who labour
To rise aboon poverty:
Else like the pack horse that's unfether'd,
And burden'd, will tumble down faint;
Thus virtue by hardship is smother'd,
And rackers aft time their rent.

Gla. Then wad he gar his butler bring bedeen
The nappy bottle ben, and glasses clean,

Whilk in our breast rais'd sic a blythsome flame,
 As gar'd me mony a time gae dancing hame.
 My heart's e'en rais'd? dear nibour will ye stay,
 And take your dinner here 'wi' me the day?
 We'll send for Elspa too:—and upo' sight
 I'll whistle Pate and Roger frae the height:
 I'll yoke my sled, and send to the neist town,
 And bring a draught of ale baith stout and brown,
 And gar our cottars a', man, wife and wean,
 Drink till they tine the gate to stand their lane.

Sym. I wadna bauk my friend his blyth design,
 Gif that it hadna first of a' been mine:

For here-yestreen I brew'd a bow of maut,
 Yestreen I slew twa weathers prime and fat;
 A furler of good cakes my Elspa beuk,
 And a large ham hangs reeosting in the nook;
 I saw mysel or I came o'er the loan,
 Our meikle pat that scads the whey put on,
 A mutton bouk to boil;—and ane we'll rost;
 And on the haggies Elspa spares nae cost;
 Sma' are they thorn; and she can mix fu' nice
 The gusty ingans wi' a curn of spice.
 Fat are the puddings,—heads and feet well sung;
 And we've invited nibours auld and young,
 To pass this afternoon with glee and game,
 And drink our master's health, and welcome hame.
 Ye mauna refuse to join the rest,

Since ye're my nearest friend that I like best.
 Bring wi' ye a' your family, and then,
 Whene'er you please, I'll rant wi' you again.

Gla. Spoke like yoursell, auld birky; never fear,
 But at your banquet I shall first appear.
 Faith we shall bend the bicker, and look bauld,
 Till we forget that we are fail'd or auld.
 Auld, said I! troth I'm younger be a score,
 With your good news, than what I was before.
 I'll dance or e'en! Hey Medge, come forth, d'ye hear?

Enter M A D G E.

Mad. The man's gane gyte! Dear Symon, welcome
 What wade ye, Glaud, wi' a' this haste and din? (here,
 Ye never let a body sit to spin.

Gla. Spin! snuff!—Gae break your wheel, and burn
And set the meiklest peet-stack in a low; (your tow,
Syne dance about the ben-fire till ye die,
Since now again we'll soon Sir William see.

Mad. Blyth news indeed! And wha wa'ft tald you o't?

Gla. What's that to you?—Gae get my Sunday's coat.
Wale out the whitest of my bobbit bands,
My white skin hose, and mittans for my hands:
Then frae their washing cry the bairns in haste;
And make yoursel as trig, head, feet and waist,
As ye were a' to get young lads or e'en;
For we're gawn o'er to dine wi' Sym bedeen.

Sym. Do, honest Madge; and Glaud, I'll o'er the gate
And see that a' be done as I wad hae't. *Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE II.

The open field, a cottage in a glen,
An auld wife spinning at the sunny end—
At a small distance, by a blasted tree,
With falded arms, and half-rais'd looks, ye see,

B A U L D Y his lane.

WHAT's this! I canna bear't! 'Tis war than hell,
To be fae burnt wi' love, yet darena tell!
O Peggy! sweeter than the dawning day!
Sweeter than gowany glens, or new maun hay:
Blyther than lambs that frisk out o'er the knows,
Straighter than ought that in the forest grows,
Her een the clearest blob of dew outshines;
The lilly in her breast it's beauty tines.
Her legs, her arms, her cheeks, her mouth, her een,
Will be my deed, that will be shortly seen;
For Pate loes her,—waes me! and she loes Pate;
And I with Neps, by some unlucky fate,
Made a daft vow.—O but ane be a beast,
That makes rash aiths till he's afore the priest.
I darena speak my mind, else a' the three,
But doubt, wad prove ilk ane mine enemy.
'Tis fair to thole;—I'll try some witchcraft art,
To break with ane, and win the other's heart.
Here Maufy lives, a witch, that for sma' price,
Can cast her cantrips, and gie me advice.

She can o'ercaſt the night, and cloud the moon,
 And make the de'il obedient to her crune.
 At midnight hours o'er the kirk-yard ſhe raves,
 And howks unchriſten'd weans out of their graves:
 Boils up their livers in a warlock's pow;
 Rins witherſhins about the hemlock low;
 And ſeven times does her prayers backward pray,
 Till Plotcock comes wi' lumps of Lapland clay,
 Mixt wi' the venom of black taid and ſnakes;
 Of this unſonfy pictures aſt ſhe makes
 Of ony ane ſhe hates;—and gars expire,
 Wi' ſlaw and racking pains afore a fire;
 Stuck fu' a prins, the devilish pictures melt,
 The pain, by fowk they repreſent, is felt;
 And yonder s Maufe. Ay, ay, the kens fu' weil,
 When ane like me comes running to the de'il.
 She and her cat ſit beeking in her yard,
 To ſpeak my errand, faith amaiſt I'm fear'd:
 But I maun do t, though I ſhould never thrive;
 They gallop faſt that de ils and laſſes drive.

A C T II. S C E N E III.

A green kail-yard, a little font,
 Where water popland ſprings.
 There ſits a wife with wrinkled front,
 And yet ſhe ſpins and ſings.

MAUSE. SANG IX. *Carle and the King come.*

Peggy, now the king's come,
 Peggy, now the king's come;
 Thou may dance, and I ſhall ſing,
 Peggy, ſince the king's come.
 Nae mair the hawkies ſhalt thou milk,
 But change thy plaiding coat for ſilk,
 And be a lady of that ilk,
 Now Peggy, ſince the king's come.

Enter BAULDY.

Baul. **H**OW does auld honeſt lucky of the glen?
 Ye look baith hail and fere at threescore ten.

Mau. E'en tweening out a threed with little dā,
 And beeking my cauld limbs afore the ſun.
 What brings my bairn this gate ſae air at morn?
 Is there nae muck to lead?—to thresh nae corn?

Ba. Enough of baith;—but something that requires
Your helping hand, employs now a' my cares.

Mau. My helping hand! alake, what can I do!
That underneath baith eikl and poortith bow?

Baul. Ay, but you're wise, and wiser far than we,
Or maist part of the parish tells a lie.

Mau. Of what kind wisdom think ye I'm possest,
That lifts my character aboon the rest?

Ba. The word that gangs, how ye're sae wise an' fell,
Ye'll may be take it ill gif I thow'd tell.

Mau. What fouk says of me, Bauldy, let me hear:
Keep naething up, ye naething have to fear.

Baul. Well, since ye bid me, I shall tell ye a'
That ilk ane talks about ye's, but a flaw.
When last the wind made Glaud a roofless barn;
When last the burn bore down my mithir's yarn;
When brawney elf-shot never mair came hame;
When Tibby kirk'd, and there nae butter came;
When Bessy Freetock's chuffy-cheeked wean;
To a fairy turn'd, and coudna stand its lane;
When Watie wander'd ae night thro' the shaw,
And tint himsel amaisht amang the snaw;
When Mungo's mare stood still, and swat wi' fright,
When he brought east the howdy under night;
When Bawfy shot to dead upon the green,
And Sara tint a snood was nae mair seen;
You, Lucky, gat the wyte of a' fell out;
And ilka ane here dreads ye round about:
And sae they may that mint to do you skaith,
For me to wrang ye, I'll be very laith;
But when I neist make groats, I'll strive to please
You with a firlot of them mixt with pease.

Mau. I thank ye, lad,—now tell me your demand,
And, if I can, I'll lend my helping hand.

Baul. Then, I like Peggy,—Neps is fond of me;
Peggy likes Pate:—and Pate is bauld and ilae,
And loes sweet Meg.—But Neps I downa see.—
Cou'd ye turn Patie's love to Neps, and then
Peggy's to me.—I'd be the happiest man.

Mau. I'll try my art to gar the bowls row right,
Sae gang your ways, and come again at night:

'Gainst that time I'll some simple things prepare,
With all your pease and groats; tak ye nae care.

Baul. Well, Maufe, I'll come gif I the road can find,
But if ye raise the de'il, he'll raise the wind:
Syne rain and thunder, may be, when 'tis late,
Will mak the road fae rough, I'll tine the gate.
We're a' to rant at Symie's at a feast,
O! will ye come like Badrans for a jest;
And there ye can our different 'haviours spy:
There's nane shall ken o't there but you and I.

Mau. 'Tis like I may,—but let na on what's past
'Tween you and me, else fear a little cast.

Baul. If I ought of your secrets e'er advance,
May ye ride on me ilka night to France. *Exit Bauldy.*

M A U S E her lane.

Hard luck, alake! when poverty and eild,
Weeds out of fashion, and a lanely bield.
With a sma' cast of wiles, should in a twitch,
Gi'e ane the hatefu' name, A wrinkled witch.
This fool imagines, as do mony sic,
That I'm a witch in compact with Auld Nick;
Because by education I was taught
To speak and act aboon their common thought.
Their gross mistake shall quickly now appear;
Soon shall they ken what brought, what keeps me here.
Nane kens but me,—and if the morn were come,
I'll tell them tales will gar them a' sing dumb. *Exit.*

ACT II. SCENE IV.

Behind a tree, upon the plain,
PATIE and his PEGGY meet.
In love without a vicious strain,
The bonny lass and cheartfu' swain
Change vows and kisses sweet.

PATTIE and PEGGY.

Peg. O PATIE, let me gang, I manna stay,
We rebaithcry'd hame, and Jenny the saway.

Pat. I'm laith to part fae soon, now we re alane,
And Roger he's awa wi' Jenny gane:
They're as content, for ought I hear or see,
To be alane themselves, i judge, as we.

Here, where primroses thickest paint the green,
Hard by this little burnie let us lean.

Hark how the lav' rocks chant aboon our heads,
How fast the westlin winds fouch thro' the reeds.

Peg. The scented meadows, birds, and healthy brise,
For ought I ken, may mair than Peggy please.

Pat. Ye wrang me fair to doubt my being kind.
In speaking fae, ye ca' me dull and blind,
Gif I cou'd fancy ought fae sweet or fair
As my dear Meg, or worthy of my care.
Thy breath is sweeter than the sweetest brier;
Thy cheek and breast the finest flowers appear.
Thy words excel the maist delightfu' notes,
That warble through the merl or mavis throats.
With thee I tent nae flowers that bask the field,
Or ripest berries that our mountains yield;
The sweetest fruits that hing upon the tree,
Are far inferior to a kifs of thee.

Peg. But Patrick for some wicked end may fleech,
And lambs should tremble when the foxes preach.
I darna stay——ye joker let me gang,
Anither lafs may gar ye change your sang,
Your thoughts may flit, and I may thole the wrang. }

Pat. Sooner a mother shall her fondness drap,
And wrang the bairn sits smiling on her lap;
The sun shall change, the moon to change shall cease;
The gaits to climb——the sheep to yield the fleece,
Ere ought by me be either said or done,
Shall skaith our love; I swear by all aboon.

Peg. Then keep your aith:—but mony a lad will
And be mansworn to twa in haff a year. (swear,
Now I believe ye like me wonder weel;
But if a fairer face your heart should steal,
Your Meg forsaken, bootless might relate,
How she was daured anes by faithless Pate.

Pat. I'm sure I canna change, ye needna fear;
Tho' we're but young, I've lov'd you mony a year:
I mind it well, when thou cou'dst hardly gang,
Or lisp out words, I choos'd you frae the thrang
Of a' the bairns, and led thee by the hand
Aft to the Tansy-know, and Rashy-strand.

Thou smiling by my side—I took delyte
To pu' the rasches green, with roots sae whyte,
Of which, as well as my young fancy cou'd,
For thee I plet the flow'ry belt and smood.

Peg. When first thou gade with shepherds to the hill,
And I to milk the ewes, first, try'd my skill;
To bear the leglen was nae toil to me,
When at the bught at e'en I met with thee.

Pat. When corn grew yellow, and the heather bells
Bloom'd bonny on the moor and rising fells;
Nae birns, or briers, or whins, e'er troubled me,
Gif I could find blae berries ripe for thee.

Peg. When thou didst wrestle, run, or putt the flane,
And wan the day, my heart was flightering fain:
At all these sports thou still gave joy to me;
For nane can wrestle, run, or putt with thee.

Pat. Jenny sings fast *The Broom of Cowdon-knows*;
And Rosie lilt *The Milking of the Ewes*;
There's nane like Nanfy, *Jenny Nettles* sings;
At turns in *Maggy Lawder*, Marion dings:
But when my Peggy sings, with sweeter skill,
The Boat-man, or *The Lafs of Patie's Mill*;
It is a thousand times mair sweet to me;
Tho' they sing well, they canna sing like thee.

Peg. How eith can lasses trow what they desire?
And roos'd by them we love, blaws up that fire;
But wha loves best, let time and carriage try;
Be constant, and my love shall time defy.
Be still as now, and a' my cares shall be,
How to contrive what pleasant is for thee.

*The foregoing, with a small variation, was Sung at the
Acting, as follows.*

S A N G X. *The Yellow-hair'd Ladie.*

When first my dear ladie gade to the green hill,
And I at ew-milking first sey'd my young skill,
To bear the milk-bowie nae pain was to me,
When I at ewe-bughting forgather'd wi' thee.

PAT. When corn rigs wav'd yellow, and blue-heather bells
Bloom'd bonny on morland and sweet rising fells,
Nae birns, briers, nor breakens gae trouble to me;
If I found the berries right ripen'd for thee.

PEG. When thou ran, or wrestled, or putted the stane,
And came aff the victor, my heart was ay fain:
Thy ilka sport manly gave pleasure to me;
For name can putt, wrestle, or run swift as thee.

PAT. Our Jenny sings fastly the Cowden Broom knows,
And Rosie liltis sweetly the Milking the Ews;
'There's few Jenny Nettles like Nanfy can sing;
At throw the Wood Ladie, Bess gars our lugs ring:
But when my dear Peggy sings with better skill,
The Boatman, Tweed-side, or the Lass of the Mill,
'Tis many times sweeter and pleasant to me;
For though they sing nicely, they cannot like thee.

PEG. How easy can lasses trow what they desire;
And praises sae kindly encreases love's fire.
Give me still this pleasure, my study shall be
To make myself better and sweeter for thee.

Pat. Wert thou a giglet gawky like the lave,
That little better than our nowt behave:
At nought they'll ferly;—senseless tales believe;
Be blyth for silly heights, for trifles grieve:
Sic ne'er cou'd win my heart, that kenna how
Either to keep a prize, or yet prove true.
But thou in better sense, without a flaw,
As in thy beauty, far excels them a'
Continue kind; and a' my care shall be,
How to contrive what pleasing is to thee.

Peg. Agreed;—but hearken, yon's auld aunty's cry,
I ken they'll wonder what can mak us stay.

Pat. And let them ferly.—Now, a kindly kifs:
Or fivescore good aues wad na be a miss;
And syne we'll sing the sang wi' tunefu' glee,
That I made up last owk on you and me.

Peg. Sing first, syne claim your hire.—

Pat. ————— Well, I agree.

S A N G XI. PATIE sings.

By the delicious warmth of thy mouth,
And rowing eyes that smiling tell the truth,
I guess, my lassie, that as well as I,
You're made for love, and why should you deny?
Peg. sings. But ken ye, lad, gin we confess o'er soon,
Ye think us cheap and syne the wooing's done;

The maiden that o'er quickly tines her power,
Like unripe fruit will taste but hard and sour.

PATIE sings. But gin they hing o'er lang upon the tree,
Their sweetness they may tine, and sae may ye:
Red cheeked, you compleatly ripe appear,
And I have thol'd and woo'd a lang haff year.

PEGGY singing, falls into PATIE's arms.

Then dnna pu' me, gently thus I fa'
Into my PATIE's arms, for good and a':
But stint your wishes to this kind embrace,
And mint nae farther till we've got the grace.

PATIE, with his left hand about her waste.

O charming armfu'! hence, ye cares, away:
I'll kiss my treasure all the live lang day;
All night I'll dream my kisses o'er again,
Till that day come that ye'll be a' my ain.

Sung by both. Sun, gallop down the westlin skies;
Gang soon to bed, and quickly rise;
O! lash your steeds, post time away,
And haste about our bridle day:
And if you're wearied, honest light,
Sleep, gin ye like, a week that night.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Now turn your eyes beyond yon spreading lime,
And tent a man whose beard seems bleach'd wi' time.
An elwand fills his hand, his habit mean;
Nae doubt ye'll think he has a pedlar been.
But whist! it is the knight in masquerade,
That comes hid in this cloud to see his lad.
Observe how pleas'd the loyal sufferer moves
Thro' his auld av'nues, anes delightfu' groves.

Sir WILLIAM solus.

THE gentleman thus hid in low disguise,
I'll for a space unknown delight mine eyes,
With a full view of every fertile plain,
Which once I lost, which now are mine again.
Yet 'midst my joys, some prospects pain renew,
Whilst I my once fair seat in ruins view:
Yonder, ah me! it desolately stands,
Without a roof; the gates fall'n from their bands;

The casements all broke down; no chimney left;
 The naked walls of tapst'ry all bereft.
 My stables and pavilions, broken walls,
 That with each rainy blast decaying falls:
 My gardens, once adorn'd the most complete,
 With all that nature, all that art makes sweet;
 Where, round the figur'd green, and pebble walks,
 The dewy flow'rs hung nodding on their stalks,
 But, over-grown with nettles, docks and briers,
 No Jaccacincths or Englintines appears.
 How doth these ample walls to ruin yield,
 Where Peach and Nect'rine branches found a beild,
 And bask'd in rays, which early did produce
 Fruit fair to view, delightful in the use!
 All round in gaps, the most in rubbish ly,
 And from what stands the wither'd branches fly.

These soon shall be repair'd:—and now my joy,
 Forbids all grief,—when I'm to see my boy;
 My only prop, and object of my care,
 Since heav'n too soon call'd home his mother fair:
 Him, ere the rays of reason clear'd his thought,
 I secretly to faithful Symon brought,
 And charg'd him strictly to conceal his birth,
 Till we should see what changing times brought forth
 Hid from himself, he starts up by the dawn,
 And ranges careless o'er the height and lawn,
 After his fleecy charge, serenely gay,
 With other shepherds whistling o'er the day.
 Thrice happy life, that's from ambition free!
 Remov'd from crowns and courts, how chearfully
 A quiet contented mortal spends his time,
 In hearty health, his soul unstain'd with crime!

Or sing as follows. SANG XII. *Happy Clown.*

Hid from himself, now by the dawn
 He starts as fresh as roses blown;
 And ranges o'er the heights and lawn,
 After his bleating flocks.
 Healthful, and innocently gay,
 He chants and whistles out the day;
 Untaught to smile, and then betray,
 Like courtly weathercocks.

Life happy ! from ambition free !
 Envy, and vile hypocrisy !
 Where truth and love with joys agree,
 Unfulled with a crime:
 Unmov'd with what disturbs the great,
 In proping of their ride and state ;
 He lives, and unafraid of fate,
 Contented spends his time.

Now tow'rds good Symon's house I'll bend my way,
 And see what makes yon gamboling to-day ;
 All on the green in a fair wanton ring,
 My youthful tenants gayly dance and sing.

(Exit. Sir William.)

ACT III. SCENE II.

'Tis Symon's house, please to step in,
 And vissy't round and round :
 There's nought superfluous to give pain,
 Or costly to be found :
 Yet all is clean ; a clear peat-ingle
 Glances amidst the floor ;
 The green-horn spoons, beech luggies mingle
 On shelves foregainst the door.
 While the young brood sport on the green,
 The auld anes think it best,
 With the brown cow to clear their een ;
 Snuff, crack, and take their rest.

SYMON, GLAUD, and ELSPA.

Gla. WE anes were young ourselves—I like to see
 The bairns bob round with other merrily.
 Troth, Symon, Patie's grown a strapan lad,
 And better looks than his I never bade ;
 Among our lads he bears the gree awa',
 And tells his tale the clevereist of them a'.

Elf. Poor man ! he's a great comfort to us baith ;
 God mak him good, and hide him ay from skaith.
 He is a bairn, I'll say't, well worth our care.
 That gaes us ne'er vexation late or air.

Gla. I true, goodwife, if I be not mistane,
 He seems to be with Peggy's beauty tane :
 And troth, my nice is a right dainty we'an,

As ye weel ken; a bonnier needna be,
Nor better.—be't she were nae kin to me.

Sym. Ha! Glaud, I doubt that ne'er will be a match.
My Patie's wild, and will be ill to catch:
And or he were, for reasons I'll not tell,
I'd rather be mixt with the mools myfell.

Gla. What reason can ye have? there's nane I'm sure,
Unless ye may cast up that she's but poor:
But gif the lassie marry to my mind,
I'll be to her, as my ain Jenny, kind.
Fourscore of breeding ewes of my ain birn,
Five ky that at ae milking fills a kirn,
I'll gie to Peggy that day she's a bride;
By and attour, gif my good luck abide,
Ten lambs at spaining time, as lang's I live,
And twa quey cawfs I'll yearly to them gie.

Elf. Ye offer fair, kind Glaud; but dinna speer,
What may be is not fit ye yet should hear.

Sym. Or this day eight days likely he may learn,
That our denial disna slight his bairn.

Gla. Well, nae mair o't,—come gie's the other bend
We'll drink their healths, whatever way it end.

Their healths gae round.

Sym. But will ye tell me, Glaud, by some 'tis said
Your nice is but a fundling, that was laid
Down at your hallon-side, ae morn in May,
Right clean row'd up, and beded on dry hay.

Gla. That clattering Madge, my titty, tells sic flaws
Whene'er our Meg her canker'd humour gaws.

Enter JENNY.

Jen. O father! there's an auld man on the green,
The fellest fortune-teller e'er was seen;
He tents our loofs, and syne whops out a book,
Turns o'er the leaves, and gies our brows a look:
Syne tells the oddest tales that e'er ye heard:
His head is grey, and lang and grey his beard.

Sym. Gae bring him in, we'll hear what he can say
Nane shall gang hungry by my house to-day. *Ex. Jen.*
But for his telling fortunes, troth I fear,
He kens nae mair of that than my grey mare.

Gla. Spaemen!—the truth of a' their saws I doubt,
For greater liars never ran thereout.

Returns Jenny bringing in Sir William, with them Patie.

Sym. Ye're welcome, honest carle;—here take a feat.

S. Will. I give you thanks, goodman, I'fe no be blate.

Gla. drinks. Come t'ye friend:—How far came ye the

S. W. I pledge ye, nibour; e'en but little way; (day?
Rousted with eild, a wi' piece gate seems lang;
Twa mile or three's the maist that I dow gang.

Sym. Ye're welcome here to bide all night with me,
And tak sic bed and board as I can gi'e. (bairn

S. W. That's kind unfought—Well gin ye have a
That ye like well, and wad his fortune learn,
I shall employ the farthest of my skill,
To spae it faithfully, be't good or ill.

Symon pointing to Patie.

Only that lad; alake! I have nae mae,
Either to mak me joyful now or wae. (sneer?

S. W. Young man, let's see your hand: what gars ye

Pat. Because your skill's but little worth, I fear.

S. Will. Ye cut before the point:—But, billy, bide,
I'll wager there's a mouse-mark on your side.

Elf. Betooch-us-to!—and well I wat that's true:

Awa, awa, the de'il's o'er girt wi' you.

Four inch aneath his oxter is the mark;

Scarce ever seen since he first wore a fark.

S. W. I'll tell ye mair, if this young lad be spard
But a short while, he'll be a braw rich laird.

Elf. A laird!—Hearye, goodman, what think ye now?

Sym. I dinna ken! strange auld man! what art thou!
Fair fa' your heart; 'tis good to bode of wealth:
Come turn the timber to laird Patie's health.

Patie's health gaes round.

Pat. A laird of twa good whistles and a kent,
Twa trusty curs my tenants on the bent,
Is all my great estate——and like to be:

Sae, cunning carle, ne'er break your jokes on me.

Sym. Whisht, Patie,—let the man look o'er your hand,
Aft times as broken a ship has come to land.

Sir William looks a little at Patie's hand, then counterfeits falling into a trance, while they endeavour to lay him right.

Elf. Preserve's, the man's a warlock, or posselt With some nae good,—or second fight at least: Where is he now?—

Gla. ————— He's seeing a' that's done In ilka place beneath or yont the moon.

Elf. These second-fighted fowk, his peace be here! See things far aff, and things to come, as clear As I can see my thumb—wow can he tell, (Speer at him 'soon as he comes to himsell,) How soon we'll see Sir William? Whisht, he heaves, And speaks out broken words like one that raves.

Sym. He'll soon grow better;—Elspa, haste ye, gae And fill him up a glass of usequebae.

Sir WILLIAM starts up and speaks.

A Knight, that for a a LYON fought,
Against a herd of bears,
Was to lang toil and trouble brought,
In which some thousands shares.
But now again the LYON rares,
And joy spreads o'er the plain:
The LYON has defeat the bears,
The Knight returns again.
That Knight, in a few days, shall bring
A shepherd frae the fauld,
And shall present him to his King
A subject true and bauld,
He Mr. PATRICK shall be call'd:
All you that hear me now,
May well believe what I have tald,
For it shall happen true.

Sym. Friend, may your spaeing happen soon and well,
But, faith, I'm rede you've bargain'd with the de'il,
To tell some tales that fowks wad secret keep;
Or do ye gat them tald you in your sleep?

Howe'er I get them, never fash your beard,
ne I to read fortunes for reward:

But I'll lay ten to ane with ony here,
That all I prophesy shall soon appear.

Sym. You prophesying fowks are odd kind men!
They're here that ken, and here that disna ken?
The wimpled meaning of your unco' tale,
Whilk soon will make a noise o'er muir and dale.

Gla. 'Tis nae sma' sport to hear how Sym believes,
And takes't for gospel what the spae-man gives,
Of fawing fortunes, whilk he evens to Pate:
But what we wish, we trow at ony rate.

S. Will. Whisht, doubtfu' carle, for ere the sun
Has driven twice down to the sea,
What I have said, ye shall see done
In part, or nae mair credit me.

Gla. Well, be't fae, friend, I shall say naithing mair,
But I've twa sonfy lasses young and fair,
Plump ripe for men: I wish you cou'd forsee
Sic fortunes for them might prove joy to me.

S. Will. Nae mair thro' secrets can I sift,
Till darkness black the bent;
I have but anes a-day that gift,
Sae rest a while content.

Sym. Elspa, cast on the claith, fetch butt some meat,
And of your best gar this auld stranger eat.

S. Will. Delay a while your hospitable care;
I'd rather enjoy this ev'ning calm and fair;
Around yon ruin'd tower to fetch a walk;
With you, kind friend, to have some private talk.

Sym. Soon as you please, I'll answer your desire—
And, Glaud, you'll take your pipe beside the fire;
We'll but gae round the place, and soon be back:
Syne sup together, and tak our pint, and crack.

Gla. I'll out a while, and see the young anes play:
My heart's still light, albeit my locks be gray. *Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE III.

JENNY pretends an errand hame,
 Young ROGER draps the rest,
 To whisper out his melting flame,
 And thow his lassie's breast.

Behind a bush, well hid frae sight, they meet :
 See Jenny's laughing, Roger's like to greet. Poor shepherd !

ROGER and JENNY.

Rog. **D**EAR Jenny, I wad speak t'ye, wad ye let ;
 And yet I ergh, ye're ay fae scornfu' fet.

Jen. And what would Roger say, if he could speak :
 Am I oblig'd to guess what ye're to seek ?

Rog. Yes, ye may guess right eith for what I green,
 Baith by my service, sighs, and langing een ;
 And I maun out wi't, tho' I risk your scorn ;
 Ye're never frae my thoughts baith ev'n and morn.
 Ah ! could I loe you less, I'd happy be ;
 But happier far, cou'd ye but fancy me.

Jen. And wha kens, honest lad, but that I may ?
 Ye canna say that e'er I said you nay.

Rog. Alake ! my frightened heart begins to fail,
 Whene'er I mint to tell you out my tale,
 For fear some tighter lad, mair rich than I,
 Has won your love, and near your heart may lie.

Jen. I loe my father, cousin Meg I love :
 But to this day nae man my mind cou'd move :
 Except my kin, ilk lad's alike to me ;
 And frae you all I best had keep me free.

Rog. How lang, dear Jenny—sayna that again,
 What pleasure can ye tak in giving pain ?
 I'm glad, however, that ye yet stand free,
 Wha kens but ye may rue and pity me ?

Jen. Ye have my pity else, to see you set
 On that whilk makes our sweetness soon forget :
 Wow ! but we're bonny, good and ev'ry thing !
 How sweet we breath, whene'er we kifs or sing !
 But we're nae sooner fools to give consent,
 Than we our daffin, and tint power repent :

When prison'd in four waws a wife right tame,
Altho' the first the greatest drudge at hame.

Rog. That only happens, when, for sake of gear,
Ane wales a wife as he would buy a mare:
Or when dull parents bairns together bind
Of diff'rent tempers, that can ne'er prove kind.
But love, true downright love, engages me,
Tho' thou should scorn,—still to delyte in thee.

Jen. What sugar words frae wooers lips can fa'?
But girning marriage comes and ends them a'.
I've seen with shining fair, the morning rise.
And soon the flitty clouds mirk a' the skies;
I've seen the silver springs a while rin clear,
And soon in mossy puddles disappear;
The bridegroom may rejoice, the bride may smile,
But soon contentions a' their joys beguile.

Rog. I've seen the morning rise in fairest light,
The day unclouded sink in calmest night.
I've seen the spring rin whimpling thro' the plain,
Increase, and join the ocean without stain;
The bridegroom may be blyth, the bride may smile,
Rejoice thro' life, and all your fears beguile.

Jen. Were I but sure you lang wou'd love maintain,
The fewest words my easy heart could gain;
For I maun own, since now at last you're free,
Altho' I jok'd, I lov'd your company,
And ever had a warmth in my breast,
That made ye dearer to me than the rest.

Rog. I'm happy now! o'er happy! had my head!—
This gush of pleasure's like to be my dead.
Come to my arms! or strike me! I'm all fir'd
With wond'ring love! let's kifs till we be tir'd.
Kifs, kifs! we'll kifs the sun and starns away,
And ferly at the quick return of day!
O Jenny! let my arms about thee twine,
And birfs thy bonny breasts and lips to mine.

Which may be sung as follows, SANG XIII. Leith-Wynd.

JEN. Were I assur'd you'll constant prove,
You should nae mair complain;
The easy maid beset with love,
Few words will quickly gain;

For I must own, now since you're free,
 This too fond heart of mine
 Has long, a black sole true to thee,
 Wist'd to be pair'd with thine.

ROG. I'm happy now, ah! let my head
 Upon thy breast recline;

The pleasure strikes me near hand dead!
 Is Jenny then fae kind!

O let me birs thee to my heart,
 And round my arms entwine:

Delightfu' thought! we'll never part!
 Come, press thy mouth to mine.

Jen. With equal joy my easy heart gi'es way,
 To own thy well try'd love has won the day.
 Now by these warmest kisses thou hast tane.
 Swear thus to love me when by vows made ane.

ROG. I swear by fifty thousand yet to come,
 Or may the first ane strike me deaf and dumb;
 There shall not be a kindlier dawted wife,
 If you agree with me to lead your life.

SANG XIV. *O'er Bogie.* JENNY.

We'll I agree, ye're sure of me;
 Next to my father gae;
 Mak him content to give consent,
 He'll hardly say you nay:
 For you have what he wad be at,
 And will commend you well,
 Since parents auld think love grows cauld,
 When bairns want milk and meal.
 Shou'd he deny, I carena by,
 He'd contradict in vain.
 Tho' a' my kin had said and sworn,
 But thee I will have nane.
 Then never range, nor learn to change,
 Like these in high degree.
 And if ye prove faithful in love,
 You'll find nae fault in me.

ROG. My faulds contain twice fifteen farrow newt,
 As mony newcal in my byres do rowt;
 Five pack of woo' I can at Lammas sell,
 Shoru frae my bob-tail'd bleeters on the fell.

Good twenty pair of blankets for our bed,
 With meikle care my thrifty mither made,
 Ilk thing that makes a heartsome house and tight,
 Was still her care, my father's great delight.
 They left me all, which now gives joy to me,
 Because I can give a', my dear, to thee:
 And had I fifty times as meikle mair,
 Nane but my Jenny should the samen skair.
 My love and all is yours; now had them fast,
 And guide them as ye like, to gar them last.

Jen. I'll do my best; — but see wha comes this way;
 Patie and Meg; — besides I mauna stay;
 Let's steal frae ither now, and meet the morn,
 If we be seen we'll drie a deal of scorn. (pool,

Rog. To where the faugh-tree shades the minnin
 I'll frae the hill come down when day grows cool;
 Keep tryft, and meet me there; there let us meet,
 To kifs and tell our love — there's nought sae sweet.

A C T III. SCENE IV.

This scene presents the KNIGHT and SYM,
 Within a gallery of the place,
 Where all looks ruinous and grim;
 Nor has the baron shewn his face,
 But joking with his shepherd leel,
 Aft spears the gate he kens fu' well.

Sir WILLIAM and SYMON.

S.W. TO whom belongs this house so much decay'd?

Sym. To ane that lost it, lending gen'rous aid,
 To bear the head up, when rebellious tail
 Against the laws of nature did prevail.

Sir William Worthy is our master's name,
 Whilk fills us a' with joy now he's come hame.

(*Sir William draps his masking beard,*

Symon transported sees

The welcome knight, with fond regard,

And grasps him round the knees.)

My master! my dear master! — do I breathe,
 To see him healthy, strong, and free frae skaith!

Return to chear his wishing tenants' sight,
To bless his Son, my charge, the world's delight!

Sir Will. Rise, faithful Symon, in my arms enjoy
A place, thy due, kind guardian of my boy:
I came to view the care in this disguise,
And am confirm'd thy conduct has been wise;
Since still the secret thou'st securely seal'd,
And ne'er to him his real birth reveal'd.

Sym. The due obedience to your strict command
Was the first lock;—neist my ain judgement fand
Out reasons plenty;—since without estate,
A youth, tho' sprung frae kings, looks baugh and blate.

Sir Will. And aften vain and idly spend their time,
Till grown unfit for action, past their prime,
Hang on their friends—which gi'es their fauls a cast,
That turns them downright beggars at the last.

Sym. Now, well I wat, Sir, ye have spoken true;
For there's laird Kytie's son, that's loo'd by few;
His father steght his fortune in his wame,
And left his heir nought but a gentle name.
He gangs about sornan from place to place,
As scrimp of manners, as of sence and grace;
Oppressing all as punishment of their sin,
That are within his tenth degree of kin:
Rins in ilk trader's debt wha's fae unjust
To his ain fam'ly, as to give him trust.

Sir Will. Such usefess branches of a common-wealth,
Should be lop'd off to give a state mair health.
Unworthy bare reflection.—Symon, run
O'er all your observations on my son;
A parent's fondness easily finds excuse:
But do not with indulgence truth abuse.

Sym. To speak his praise, the longest simmer day
Wad be o'er short,—cou'd I then right display.
In word and deed he can fae well behave,
That out of sight he runs afore the lave;
And when there's e'er a quarrel or contest,
Patrick's made judge, to tell wha's cause is best;
And his decreet stands good;—he'll gar it stand;
Wha dares to grumble, finds his correcting hand

With a firm look, and a commanding way,
He gars the proudest of our herds obey. (proceed:

S.W. Your ~~ple~~ much pleases;—my good friend,
What learning has he? Can he write and read?

Sym. Baith wonder well; for, troth, I didna spare
To gie him at the school enough of lair;
And he delites in books:—he reads and speaks
With fowks that kens them, Latin words and Greeks:

S.W. Where gets he books to read? and of what kind?
Tho' some give light, some blindly lead the blind.

Sym. When'er he drives our sheep to Edinburgh port,
He buys some books of history, fangs or sport:

Nor does he want of them a rowth at will,
And carries ay a poutchfu' to the hill.

About ane Shakespear, and a famous Ben,
He aften speaks, and ca's them best of men.

How sweetly Hathrenden and Stirling sing,
And ane ca'd Cowley, loyal to his king,

He kens fu' well, and gars their verses ring.

I sometimes thought he made o'er great a phrase,
About fine poems, histories and plays.

When I reprov'd him anes,—a book he brings,
With this, quoth he, on braes I crack with kings.

S.Will. He answer'd well; and much ye glad my ear,
When such accounts I of my shepherd hear.

Reading such books can raise a peasant's mind
Above a lord's that is not thus inclin'd.

Sym. What ken we better that fae findle look,
Except on rainy Sundays, on a book;

When we a leaf or twa haff read, haff spell,
Till a' the rest sleep round, as well's our sell?

S.Will. Well jested, Symon:—but one question more
I'll only ask ye now, and then give o'er.

The youth's arriv'd the age when little loves
Fligher around young hearts like cooing doves;

Has nae young lassie with inviting mein,
And rosy cheek, the wonder of the green,

Engag'd his look, and caught his youthfu' heart?

Sym. I fear'd th' warst, but ken'd the smallest part,

'Till late I saw him twa three times mair sweet,
 With Glaud's fair niece, than I thought right or meet:
 I had my my fears; but now have nou~~gh~~t to fear,
 Since like yourself your son will soon appear,
 A gentleman enrich'd with all these charms,
 May bless the fairest best born ladies arms.

S. Will. This night must end his unambitious fire,
 When higher views shall greater thoughts inspire:
 Go, Symon, bring him quickly here to me,
 None but yourself shall our first meeting see:
 Yonder's my horse and servants nigh at hand,
 They come just at the time I gave command.
 Straight in my own apparel I'll go dress;
 Now ye the secret may to all confess.

Sym. With how much joy I on this errand flee,
 There's nane can know, that is not downright me.

Sir WILLIAM solus. (*Exit Symon.*)

When the event of hope successfully appears,
 One happy hour cancels the toil of years.
 A thousand toils are lost in Lethe's stream,
 And cares evanish like a morning dream;
 When wish'd-for pleasures rise like morning light,
 The pain that's past enhances the delight.
 These joys I feel, that words can ill express,
 I ne'er had known without my late distress.

But from his rustick business and love,
 I must in haste my Patrick soon remove,
 To courts and camps that may his soul improve.

Like the rough diamond, as it leaves the mine,
 Only in little breakings shews its light,
 'Till artfu' polishing has made it shine:
 Thus education makes the genius bright.

End of Act Third.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

The scene describ'd in former page:

Glaud's onset.—Enter Maufe and Madge.

Maufe. OUR laird's come hame! and owns young
 That's news indeed!— (*Pate his heir!*)

Mad. ————— As true as ye stand there.

As they were dancing all in Symon's yard,
Sir William, like a warlock, with a beard
Five nives in length, and white as driven snaw,
Amang us came, cry'd, *Had ye merry a'!*
We ferly'd meikle at his unco look,
While frae his putch he whirled forth a book:
As we stood round about him on the green,
He view'd us a', but fix'd on Pate his een;
Then pawkily pretended he cou'd spae,
Yet for his pains and skill wad naithing ha'e.

Mau. Then sure the lasses, and ilk gaping couf,
Wad rin about him, and had out their loof.

Mad. As fast as flaes skip to the tate of woo,
Whilk flee tod-lawrie hads without his mow,
When he to drown them, and his hips to cool,
In simmer days slides backward in a pool:
In short he did, for Pate, braw things fortell,
Without the help of conjuring or spell:
At last, when well diverted, he withdrew,
Pow'd aff his beard to Symon, Symon knew
His welcome master:—round his knees he gat,
Hang at his coat, and fyne for blythness grat.
Patrick was sent for;—happy lad is he!
Symon tald Elspa, Elspa tald it me;
Ye'll hear out a' the secret storie soon:
And troth 'tis e'en right odd when a' is done,
To think how Symon ne'er afore wad tell,
Na, no fae mikle as to Pate himsell.

Our Meg, poor thing, alake! has lost her jo.

Mau. It mae be fae; wha kens? and may be no.
To lift a love that's rooted is great pain;
Even kings have ta'en a queen out of the plain:
And what has been before, may be again.

Mad. Sic nonsense! love tak root, but tocher good,
'Tween a herd's bairn, and ane of gentle blood;
Sic fashions in king Bruce's days might be;
But siccan ferlies now we never see.

Mau. Gif Pate forsakes her, Bauldy she may gain; }
 Yonder he comes, and wow but he looks fain! }
 Nae doubt he thinks that Peggy's now his ain.

Mad. He get her! slaverin doof; it sets him weil
 To yoke a plough where Patrick thought to teil;
 Gif I were Meg, I'd let young master see——

Mau. Ye'd be as dorty in your choice as he:
 And so wad I. But whist, here Bauldy comes.

Enter BAULDY singing.

JENNY said to JOCKY, gin ye winna tell,
 Ye shall be the lad, I'll be the lass my fell;
 Ye're a bonny lad, and I'm a lassie free;
 Ye're welcomer to tak me than to let me be.

I trow sae.—Lasses will come too at last,
 Tho' for a while they maun their snaw-ba's cast.

Mau. Well, Bauldy, how gaes a'——

Baul. ————— Faith unco right:
 I hope we'll a' sleep sound but ane this night.

Mad. And wha's the unlucky ane, if we may ask?

Baul. To find out that, is nae difficult task;
 Poor bonny Peggy, wha maun think nae mair
 On Pate, turn'd Patrick, and Sir William's heir.
 Now, now, good Madge, and honest Maufe, stand be,
 While Meg's in dumps, put in a word for me.
 I'll be as kind as ever Pate cou'd prove;
 Less wilful, and ay constant in my love.

Mad. As Nepe can witness, and the bushy thorn,
 Where mony a time to her your heart was sworn,
 Fy! Bauldy, blush, and vows of love regard:
 What other lass will trow a mansworn herd?
 The curse of heaven hings ay aboon their heads,
 That's ever guilty of sic sinfu' deeds.
 I'll ne'er advise my niece sae gray a gate,
 Nor will she be advis'd fu' well I wat.

Baul. Sae gray a gate! mansworn! and a' the rest:
 Ye leed, auld Roudes—and, in faith, had best
 Eat in your words: else I shall gar ye stand
 With a het face afore the haly band.

Mad. Ye'll gar me stand! ye slaverin-gabit brock;
 Speak that again, and trembling dread my rock,

And ten sharp nails, that when my hands are in,
Can flyp the skin o'ye'r cheeks out o'er your chin.

Baul. I tak ye witness, Maufe, ye heard her say,
That I'm mansworn;—I winna let it gae.

Mad. Ye're witness too, he ca'd me bonny names,
And should be serv'd as his good breeding claims.
Ye filthy dog!—

*Flees to his hair like a fury.—A stout battle.—
Maufe endeavours to redd them.*

Mau. Let gang your grips, fy Madge! howt Bauldy.
I wadna wish this tulzie had been seen; (leen,
'Tis fae daft like.———

Bauldy gets out of Madge's clutches with a bleeding nose.

Mad.——— 'Tis dafter like to thole
An ether-cap like him to blaw the coal:
It sets him well, with vile unscrapit tongue,
To cast up whether I be auld or young;
They're aulder yet than I have married been;
And or they died, their bairns' bairns have seen.

Mau. That's true; and Bauldy ye was far to blame,
To ca' Madge ought but her ain christen'd name.

Bau. My lugs, my nose, and noddle finds the same.

Mad. Auld Roudes, filthy fallow; I shall auld ye.

M. Howt no! ye'll e'en be friendswi' honest Bauldy.
Come, come, shake hands; this maun nae farther gae:
Ye mau forgie'm, I see the lad looks wae.

Baul. Troth now, Maufe, I have at Madge nae
But she abusing first, was a' the wyte (spite
Of what has happen'd; and should therefore crave
My pardon first, and shall acquittance have.

Mad. I crave your pardon! gallows-face, gae greet,
And own your fault to her that ye wad cheat;
Gae, or be blasted in your health and gear,
'Till ye learn to perform as well as swear.
Vow, and lowp back! was e'er the like heard tell?
Swith, tak him de'il; he's o'er lang out of hell.

Bauldy running off.

His presence be about us! curst were he
That were condemn'd for life to live with thee.

Madge laughing.

I think I have towz'd his harigakds a wee;
He'll no soon grien to tell his love to me.
He's but a rascal, that wad mint to serve
A lassie sae, he does but ill deserve.

Mau. Ye towin'd him tightly,—I commend ye for't
His bleeding snout gae me nae little sport:
For this forenoon he had that scant of grace,
And breeding baith—to tell me to my face,
He hop'd I was a witch, and wadna stand,
To lend him in this case my helping hand.

Mad. A witch!—how had ye patience thus to bear,
And leave him een to see, or lugs to hear?

Mau. Auld wither'd hands, and feeble joints like
Obliges fowk resentment to decline; (mine
Till aft 'tis seen, when vigour fails, then we
With cunning can the lake of pith supplie.
Thus I pat aff revenge till it was dark,
Syne bad him come, and we shou'd gang to wark.
I'm sure he'll keep his try't; and I came here
To seek your help, that we the fool may fear.

Mad. And special sport we'll have, as I protest;
Ye'll be the witch, and I shall play the gaist.
A linen sheet wond round me like ane dead,
I'll cawk my face, and grane, and shake my head.
We'll fleg him sae, he'll mint nae mair to gang
A conjuring, to do a lassie wrang.

Mau. Then let us gae; for see, 'tis hard on night,
The westling clouds shines red with setting light. (*Exit*)

ACT IV. SCENE II.

When birds begin to nod upon the bough,
And the green swaird grows damp with falling dew;
While good Sir WILLIAM is to rest retir'd,
The GENTLE SHEPHERD tenderly inspir'd,
Walks thro' the broom with ROGER ever lecl,
To meet, to comfort Meg, and take farewell.

R. **W**OW! but I'm cadgie, and my heart louns ligh
O Mr. Patrick! ay your thoughts were righ
Sure gentle fowk are farther seen than we,
That naithing hae to brag of pedigree.

My Jenny now, wha brak my heart this morn,
Is perfect yielding,—sweet,—and nae mair scorn.
I spake my mind—she heard——I spake again,
She smil'd—I kiss'd—I woo'd, nor woo'd in vain.

Pat. I'm glad to hear't,—but O! my change this
Heaves up my joy, and yet I'm sometimes wae. (day
I've found a father, gently kind as brave,
And ane estate that lifts me 'boon the lave.
With looks all kindness, words that love confess;
He all the father to my soul express,
While clos he held me to his manly breast.
Such were the eyes, he said, thus smil'd the mouth
Of thy lov'd mother, blessing of my youth;
Who set too soon!—And while he praise bestow'd,
Adown his gracefu' cheeks a torrent flow'd.
My new born joys, and this his tender tale
Did, mingled thus, o'er a' my thoughts prevail;
That speechless lang, my late kend Sire I view'd,
While gushing tears my panting breast bedew'd:
Unusual transports made my head turn round,
Whilst I myself with rising raptures found
The happy son of ane so much renown'd.
But he has heard!—too faithful Symon's fear
Has brought my love for Peggy to his ear:
Which he forbids.—Ah! this confounds my peace,
While thus to bear, my heart shall sooner cease.

Rog. How to advise ye, troth I'm at a stand:
But were't my case, ye'd clear it up aff hand.

Pat. Duty and hasten reason plead his cause:
But what cares love for reason, rules and laws?
Still in my heart my sheperdes excels,
And part of my new happiness repels.

Or Sung as follows. SANG XV. *Kirk wad let me be.*

Duty and part of reason,
Plead strong on the parent's side,
Which love superior calls treason;
The strongest must be obey'd:
For now, though I'm one of the gentry,
My constancy falshood repels,
For change in my heart has no entry,
Still there my dear PEGGY excels.

Rog. Enjoy them baith—Sir William shall be won;
Your Peggy's bonny;—you're his only son.

Pat. She's mine by vows, and stronger ties of love;
And frae these bands nae change my mind shall move.
I'll wed name else; thro' life I will be true:
But still obedience is a parent's due.

Rog. Is not our master and yoursel to stay
Amang us here?—or are ye gawn away
To London court, or ither far aff parts,
To leave your ain poor us with broken hearts?

Pat. To Edinburgh straight to-morrow we advance,
To London neist, and afterwards to France. }
Where I must stay some years, and learn – to dance, }
And twa three other monkey tricks:—That done
I come hame struting in my red-heel'd shoon.
Then 'tis design'd, when I can well behave,
That I maun be some petted thing's dull slave,
For some few bags of cash, that I wat well
I nae mair need nor carts do a third wheel:
But Peggy, dearer to me than my breath,
Sooner than hear sic news, shall hear my death.

Rog. *They wha have just enough can soundly sleep;
The o'ercome only fashes fowk to keep.*—

Good Mr. Patrick, tak your ain tale hame.

Pat. What was my morning thought, at night's the }
The poor and rich but differ in the name, (same: }
Content's the greatest blifs we can procure,
Frae 'boon the list.—Without it kings are poor.

Rog. But ane estate like yours, yields braw content,
When we but pike it scanty on the bent:
Fine claiths, fast beds, sweet houses, and red wine,
Good chear, and witty friends, whene'er ye dine;
Obeyfant servants, honour, wealth, and ease:
Whase no content with these, are ill to please.

Pat. Sae Roger thinks, nor thinks he far amiss;
But mony a cloud hings hov'ring o'er their blifs:
The passions rule the roast;—and if they're sour,
Like the lean ky, they'll soon the fat devour.
The spleen, tint honour, and affronted pride,
Stang like the sharpest goads in gentry's side;

The gouts and gravels, and the ill disease,
Are frequentest with fowks o'erlaid with ease;
While o'er the muir, the shepherd, with less care,
Enjoys his sober wish, and hale some air.

Rog. O man, I wonder ay, and it delights
My heart, whene'er I hearken to your flights.
How gat ye a' that sense, I fain wad lear,
That I may easier disappointments bear.

Pat. Frae books, the wale of books, I gat some skill,
These best can teach what's real good or ill.
Ne'er grudge ilk year to ware some stanes of cheese,
To gain these silent friends that ever please.

Rog. I'll do't; and ye shall tell me which to buy;
Faith I've hae books, though I should sell my ky:
But now, let's hear how you're design'd to move
Between Sir William's will, and Peggy's love.

Pat. Then here it lies: his will maun be obey'd }
My vows I'll keep, and she shall be my bride: }
But I some time this last design maun hide. }
Keep you the secret close, and leave me here;
I sent for Peggy: yonder comes my dear.

Rog. Pleased that ye trust me with the secret, I
To wyle it frae me, a' the de'il's defy. (Exit Roger.)

P A T I E solus.

With what a struggle must I now impart
My father's will to her that hads my heart!
I ken she loves, and her fast soul will sink,
While it stands trembling on the hated brink
Of disappointment—Heav'n, support my fair,
And let her comfort claim your tender care.
Her eyes are red! ———

Enter P E G G Y.

——— My Peggy, why in tears?
Smile as you wont, allow nae room for fears:
Tho' I'm nae mair a shepherd, yet I'm thine.

Peg. I dare not think sae high: I now repine
At the unhappy chance that made not me
A gentle match, or still a herd kept thee.
Wha can without pain, see frae the coast
The ship that bears his all like to be lost?

Like to be carried by some Rever's hand,
Far frae his wishes to some distant land.

Pat. Ne'er quarrel fate, whilst it with me remains,
To raise thee up, or still attend these plains.
My father has forbid our loves I own:
But love's superior to a parent's frown.
I fallhood hate; come, kiss thy cares away:
I ken to love, as well as to obey.
Sir William's gen'rous; leave the task to me,
To make strict duty and true love agree.

Peg. Speak on! speak ever thus, and still my grief;
But short I dare to hope the fond relief.
New thoughts a gentler face will soon inspire,
That with niece air swims round in silk attire;
Then I, poor me!—with sighs may ban my fate,
When the young laird's nae mair my heartsome Pate
Nae mair again to hear sweet tales exprest,
By the blyth shepherd that excell'd the rest:
Nae mair be envy'd by the tatling gang,
When Patie kiss'd me, when I danc'd or sang.
Nae mair, alake! we'll on the meadow play!
And rin half breathless round the rucks of hay:
As oft-times I have fled from thee right fain,
And fawn on purpose that I might be tane.
Nae mair around the foggy know I'll creep,
To watch and stare upon thee while asleep.
But hear my vow,—'twill help to give me ease;
May sudden death, or deadly fair disease,
And warst of ills attend my wretched life,
If e'er to aye, but you I be a wife.

Or sung as follows.

SANG XVI. *Woes my heart that we should sunder*

Speak on—speak thus, and still my grief,
Hold up a heart that's sinking under
These fears, that soon will want relief,
When PATE must from his PEGGY sunder:
A gentler face and silk attire,
A lady rich in beauty's blossom,
Alake, poor me! will now conspire,

To steal thee from thy PEGGY's bosom,
No more the shepherd who excell'd

The rest, whose wit made them to wonder,
Shall now his PEGGY's praises tell!

Ah! I can die, but never sunder.

Ye meadows where we often stray'd.

Ye banks where we were wont to wander,
Sweet scented rucks round which we play'd,

You'll lose your sweets when we're asunder.

Again, ah! shall I never creep

Around the know with silent duty,

Kindly to watch thee while asleep,

And wonder at thy manly beauty?

Here, heav'n, while solemnly I vow,

Tho' thou should prove a wand'ring lover,

Thro' life to thee I shall prove true,

Nor be a wife to any other.

Pat. Sure heaven approves;—and be assur'd of me,
I'll ne'er gang back of what I've sworn to thee:

And time, tho' time maun interpose a while,

And I maun leave my Peggy and this isle;

Yet time, nor distance, nor the fairest face,

If there's a fairer, e'er shall fill thy place.

I'd hate my rising fortune, should it move

The fair foundation of our faithful love.

If at my feet were crowns and scepters laid,

To bribe my soul frae thee, delightful maid;

For thee I'd soon leave these inferior things

To sic as have the patience to be kings.

Wherefore that tear? believe and calm thy mind.

Peg. I greet for joy, to hear thy words sae kind.

When hopes were sunk, and nought but mirk despair

Made me think life was little worth my care,

My heart was like to burst; but now I see

Thy gen'rous thoughts will save thy love for me.

With patience, then, I'll wait each wheeling year,

Hope time away, till thou with joy appear:

And all the while I'll study gentler charms,

To make me fittér for my traveller's arms;

I'll gain on uncle Glaud;—he's far frae fool,

And will not grudge to put me thro' ilk school;

Where I may manners learn.———

Or sung as follows. SANG XVII. Tweed-side.

When hope was quite sunk in despair,
 My heart it was going to break;
 My life appear'd worthless my care,
 But now I will sav't for thy sake,
 Where'er my love travels by day,
 Wherever he lodges by night,
 With me his dear image shall stay,
 And my soul keep him ever in sight.
 With patience I'll wait the long year,
 And study the gentlest charmer;
 Hope time away till thou appear,
 To lock thee for ay in those arms.
 Whilst thou wait a shepherd, I priz'd
 No higher degree in this life;
 But now I'll endeavour to rise
 To a height that's becoming thy wife.
 For beauty that's only skin deep,
 Must fade like the gowans in May;
 But inwardly rooted will keep
 For ever without a decay.
 Nor age, nor the changes of life,
 Can quench the fair fire of love;
 If virtue's ingrain'd in the w to approve.
 And the husband have sense to approve.

Pat. ————— That's wisely said,
 And what he wares that way shall be well paid,
 Tho' without a' the little helps of art,
 Thy native sweets might gain a prince's heart.
 Yet now, lest in our stations we offend,
 We must learn modes, to innocence unkend;
 Affect aimes to like the thing we hate,
 And drap serenity to keep up state; (say;
 Laugh, when we're sad; speak, when we've nought to
 And, for the fashion, when we're blyth, seem wae.
 Pay compliments to them we aft have scorn'd;
 Then scandalize them, when their backs are turn'd.

Peg. If this be gentry, I had rather be
 What I am still:—but I'll be ought with thee.

Pat. No, no, Peggy, I but only jest
 With gentry's apes; fot still among the best,

Good manners give integrity a bleeze,
When native virtues join the art to please.

Peg. Since with nae hazard, and sae finall expence,
My lad frae books can gather siccan sence;
Then why, ah! why should the tempestuous sea,
Endanger thy dear life, and frighten me?
Sir William's cruel, that wad force his son,
For watna-whats, sae great a risque to run.

Pat. There is nae doubt but travelling does improve,
Yet I would shun it for thy sake, my love.
But soon as I've shook off my landwart cast
In foreign cities, hame to thee I'll haste.

Peg. With ev'ry setting day, and rising morn,
I'll kneel to heav'n, and ask thy safe return,
Under that tree, and on the Suckler Brae,
Where aft we wont, when bairns, to run and play;
And to the Hissel-shaw, where first ye vow'd
Ye wad be mine, and I as eithly trow'd,
I'll aften gang, and tell the trees and flow'rs
With joy, that they'll bear witness I am yours.

Or sung as follows. SANG XVIII. Bush aboon Traquair.

At setting day, and rising morn,
With soul that still shall love thee,
I'll ask of heaven thy safe return,
With all that can improve thee.
I'll visit aft the birken-bush,
Where first thou kindly told me
Sweet tales of love, and hid my blush,
Whilst round thou didst infold me.
To all our haunts I will repair,
To Green-wood, shaw, or fountain:
Or where the summer-day I'd share
With thee, upon yon mountain.
There will I tell the trees and flowers,
From thoughts unfeign'd and tender,
By vows your mine: by love is yours,
A heart which cannot wander.

Pat. My dear, allow me, frae thy temples fair,
A shining ringlet of thy flowing hair;
Which, as a sample of each lovely charm,
I'll aften kiss, and wear about my arm.

Peg. Wer't in my power with better boons to please,
I'd give the best I cou'd with the same ease;

Nor wad I, if thy luck had fall'n to me,
Been in ae jot less generous to thee.

Pat. I doubt it not; but since we've little time,
To ware't on words, wad bolder on a crime;
Love's faster meaning better is exprest,
When 'tis with kisses on the heart imprest. [*Exeunt.*
End of the Fourth Act.

ACT V. SCENE I.

See how poor BAULDY stares like ane posselt,
And roars up SYMON frae his kindly rest:
Bare leg'd, with night-cap, and unbotton'd coat,
See the auld man comes forward to the sot.

Sym. **W**HAT want ye, Bauldy, at this early hour,
While drowsy sleep keeps all beneath its
Far to the North the scant approaching light (pow'r?
Stands equal 'twixt the morning and the night.
What gars ye shake and glour, and look fae wan?
Your teeth they chitter, hair like bristles stand.

Baul. O len me soon some water, milk or ale,
My head's grown giddy,—legs with shaking fail;
I'll ne'er dare venture forth at night my lane!
Alake! I'll never be my fell agin.
I'll ne'er o'er-put it! Symon! O! Symon! O!

[*Symon gives him a drink.*

Sym. What ails thee gowk;—to make fae loud ado!
You've wak'd Sir William, he has left his bed;
He comes, I fear, ill-pleas'd; I hear his tread.

S.W. How goes the night? does day-light appear?
Symon, you're very timeously asteer.

Sym. I'm sorry, Sir, that we've disturb'd your rest,
But some strange thing has Bauldy's spirit opprest,
He's seen some witch, or wrestled with a ghaist. }

Baul. O ay,—dear Sir, in troth its very true;
And I am come to make my plaint to you.

Sir William smiling. I long to hear't.

Baul.—Ah! Sir, the witch ca'd Maufe,
That wins aboon the mill amang the haws,
First promis'd that she'd help me with her art,
To gain a bonny thrawart lassie's heart.
As she had trysted, I met wi'er this night;
But may nae friend of mine get sic a fright!

For the curs'd hag, instead of doing me good,
 (The very thought o't's like to freeze my blood!)
 Rais'd up a ghaist or de'il, I kenna whilk,
 Like a dead corpse, in sheet as white as milk;
 Black hands it had, and face as wan as death;
 Upon me fast the witch and it fell baith,
 And gat me down, while I, like a great fool,
 Was labour'd as I wout to be at school:
 My heart out of its hool was like to loup;
 I pithless grew with fear, and had nae hope;
 Till, with an elritch laugh, they vanish'd quite;
 Syne I half dead with anger, fear and spite,
 Crape up, and fled straight frae them, Sir, to you,
 Hoping your help to gi'e the de'il his due.
 I'm sure my heart shall ne'er gi'e o'er to dunt,
 Till in a fat-tar barrel Maufe be burnt.

Sir W. Well Bauldy, whate'er's just shall granted be;
 Let Maufe be brought this morning down to me.

Baul. Thanks to your honour, soon shall I obey;
 But first I'll Roger raise, and twa three mae,
 To catch her fast, or she get leave to squeel,
 And cast her cantrips that bring up the de'il. [*Exit Ba.*]

S. W. Troth, Symon, Bauldy's mair afraid than hurt,
 The witch and ghaist have made themselves good sport.
 What silly notions croud the clouded mind,
 That is thro' want of education blind!

Sym. But does your honour think there's nae sic thing
 As witches raising de'ils up through a ring:
 Syne playing tricks? a thousand I cou'd tell,
 Cou'd ne'er be contriv'd on this side hell.

Sir Will. Such as the devil's dancing in a moor,
 Amongst a few old women craz'd and poor,
 Who are rejoic'd to see him frisk and loup
 O'er braes and bogs, with candles in his doup;
 Then with his train throw airy paths to glide,
 While they on cats or clowns, or broom-staffs ride;
 Or in the egg-shell skim out o'er the main,
 To drink their leader's health in France or Spain;
 Whate'er's in spells, or if there witches be,
 Such whimsies seem the most absurd to me.

Sym. 'Tis true enough, we ne'er heard that a witch
Had either meikle sense, or yet was rich:
But Maufe, tho' poor, is a sagacious wife,
And lives a quiet and very honest life;
That gars me think this hobblesheew that's past,
Will land in naithing but a joke at last.

S. W. I'm sure it will:—but see increas'ing light,
Commands the imps of darkness down to night;
Bid raise my servants, and my horse prepare,
Whilst I walk out to take the morning air.

SANG XIX. *Bony grey-ey'd Morn.*

The bonny grey-ey'd morn begins for to peep,
And darkness flies before the rising ray:
The hearty hynd starts from his lazy sleep,
To follow healthful labours of the day,
Without a guilty sting to wrinkle his brow:
The lark and the linnet attend his levee,
And he joins concert driving his plow,
From toil of grimace and pageantry free.
Be my portion health and quietness of mind,
Plac'd at due distance from parties and state;
Where neither ambition nor avarice blind
Reach him who has happiness link'd in his fate.

ACT V. SCENE II.

While PEGGY laces up her bosom fair,
With a blue snood, JENNY binds up her hair;
GLAUD, by his morning ingle takes a beek,
The rising sun shines motty thro' the reek.
A pipe in's mouth, the lasses please his een,
And now and then his joke maun interveen.

Gla. I Wish, my bairns, it may keep fair till night,
I Ye do not use sae soon to see the light.

Nae doubt, ye now intend to mix the thrang,
To take your leave of Patrick or he gang;
But do ye think, that now, when he's a laird,
That he poor landward lasses will regard?

Jen. Tho' he's young master now, I'm very sure,
He has mair sense, than flight auld friends, tho' poor;
But yesterday he gae us mony a tug,
And kiss'd my cousin there, frae lug to lug,

Gla. Ay, ay, nae doubt o't, and he'll do't again;
 But be advis'd his company refrain;
 Before, he as a shepherd, fought a wife;
 With her to live a chaste and frugal life;
 But now, grown gentle, soon he will forsake
 Sic godly thoughts, and brag of being a rake.

Peg. A rake! what's that?—Sure if it means ought
 He'll never be't, else I've tint my skill. (ill,

Gla. Daft lassie, ye ken nought of the affair;
 Ane young, and good, and gentle's unco' rare:
 A rake's a graceless spark that thinks nae shame,
 To do what like of us think sin to name:
 Sic are fae void of shame, they'll never stop,
 To brag how often they have had the clap. (flush'd,
 They'll tempt young things like you with youdith:
 Syne make ye a' their jest, when ye're debauch'd.

Peg. Sir William's virtuous, and of gentle blood,
 And may not Patrick too, like him be good?

Gla. That's true; and mony gentry mae than he,
 As they are wiser, better are than we;
 But thinner sawn; they're fae puft up wi' pride,
 There's mony of them mocks ilk haly guide,
 That shaws the gate to heaven.—I've heard myfell,
 Some of them laugh at doom's-day, sin and hell.

Jen. Watch o'er us, father! heh! that's very odd,
 Sure him that doubts of doom's day, doubts a God.

Gla. Doubt! why, they neither doubt, nor judge, nor
 think,

Nor hope, nor fear; but curse, debauch and drink.

But I'm no saying this, as if I thought

That Patrick to sic gates will e'er be brought.

Peg. The Lord forbid!—na, he kens better things;
 But here he comes aunt, her face some ferly brings.

Enter Madge.

Mad. Haste, haste ye; we're a' sent for o'er the gate,
 To hear and help to red some odd debate
 'Tween Maufe and Bauldy, 'bout some witchcraft spell,
 At Symon's house: the knight sits judge himfell.

Gla. Lend me my staff—Madge, lock the outer door,
 And bring the lasses wi' ye: I'll step before. (Exit Gla.

Mad. Poor Meg! look Jenny, was the like e'er seen,
 How bleer'd and red with greeting look her een?
 This day her branken wooer takes his horse,
 To strut a gentle spark at Edinburgh cross:
 To change his kent, cut frae the branchy plain,
 For a nice sword, and glancing headed cane:
 To leave the green-swaired dance, when we gae milk,
 To rustle among the beauties clad in silk.
 But Meg, poor Meg! maun with the shepherd stay,
 And tak what God will send, in hoddan-gray.

Peg. Dear aunt, what needs you fash us wi your scorn?
 That's no my faut that I'm nae gentler born.
 Gif I the daughter of some laird had been,
 I ne'er had notic'd Prtie on the green.
 Now since he rises, why should I repine!
 If he's made for another, he'll ne'er be mine;
 And then the like has been, if the decree
 Designs him mine, I yet his wife may be.

Mad. A bonny story, trowth!—but we delay:
 Prin up your aprons baith, and come away. *Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE III.

Sir WILLIAM fills the twa-arm'd chair,
 While SYMON, ROGER, GLAUD and MAUSE,
 Attend, and with loud laughter hear
 Daft BAULDY bluntly plead his cause:
 For now 'tis tell'd him that the taz
 Was handled by revengfu' MADGE,
 Because he brak good breeding's laws,
 And with his nonsense rais'd their rage.

S.W. **A**ND was that all! well, Bauldy, ye was serv'd
 No ootherways than what ye well deserv'd.
 Was it so small a matter to defame,
 And thus abuse an honest woman's name!
 Besides your going about to have betray'd.
 By perjury, an innocent young maid.

Baul. Sir, I confess my fau't thro' a' the steps,
 And ne'er again shall be untrue to Neps.

Mau. Thus far, Sir, he oblig'd me on the score,
 I kend not that they thought me sic before.

Baul. A'nt like your honour, I believ'd it well;
 But troth, I was e'en doilt to seek the de'il;

Yet, with your honour's leave, tho' she's rae witch,
 She's baith a flee and a revengfu' b—h,
 And that my some place finds — but I had best
 Had in my tongue, for yonder come the ghaist,
 And the young bonny witch, whase rosie cheek,
 Sent me, without my wit, the de'il to seek.

Enter MADGE, PEGGY, and JENNY.

Sir WILLIAM looking at PEGGY.

Whose daughter's she that wears the Aurora gown,
 With face sae fair, and locks a lovely brown?
 How sparkling are her eyes! what's this! I find
 The girl brings all my sister to my mind.
 Such were the features once adorn'd a face,
 Which death too soon depriv'd of sweetest grace,
 Is this your daughter, Gland? —————

Gla. ————— *Sir,* she's my niece, —

And yet she's not: — But I should hald my peace.

S. Will. This is a contradiction. What d'ye mean?
 She is, and is not! pray thee, Gland explain.

Gla. Because I doubt, if I should make appear
 What I have kept a secret thirteen year.

Mau. You may reveal what I can fully clear.

S. Will. Speak soon; I'm all impatience —

Pat. ————— So am I!

For much I hope, and hardly yet know why.

Gla. Then, since my master's orders, I obey. —
 This bonny fundling, ae clear morn of May,
 Close by the lee-side of my door I found,
 All sweet and clean, and carefully hapt round,
 In infant-weeds of rich and gentle make.
 What cou'd they be, thought I, did thee forsake?
 Wha warse than brutes, could leave expos'd to air,
 Sae much of innocence, sae sweetly fair,
 Sae helpless young! for she appear'd to me,
 Only about twa towmands auld to be:
 I took her in my arms, the bairnie smil'd,
 With sic a look, wad made a savage mild.
 I hid the story: — She has past sincefyne
 As a poor orphan, and a niece of mine.
 Nor do I rue my care about the wean,
 For she's well worth the pains that I hae tant.

Ye see she's bonny, I can swear she's good,
And am right fure she's come of gentle blood:
Of whom I kenna. — Naithing ken I mair,
Than what I to your honour now declare.

S. Will. This tale seems strange! —

Pat. — The tale delights mine ear; (appear.

S. Will. Command your joys, young man, till truth

Mau. That be my task. — Now, Sir, bid all be hush;

Peggy may smile; — thou hast no cause to blush;

Long have I wish'd to see this happy day,

That I might safely to the truth give way;

That I may now Sir William Worthy name,

The best and nearest friend that she can claim:

He saw't at first, and with quick eye did trace

His sister's beauty in her daughter's face.

S. Will. Old woman, do not rave, — prove what you
'Tis dangerous in affairs like this to play. (say,

Pat. What reason, Sir, can an old woman have

To tell a lie, when she's fae near her grave?

But how, or why, it should be truth, I grant,

I every thing looks like a reason want.

Omnes. The story's odd! we wish we heard it out:

S. W. Make haste, good woman, and resolve each doubt,

MAUSE goes forward, leading PEGGY to Sir WILLIAM.

Mau. Sir, view me well: has fifteen years so plow'd

A wrinkled face that you have often view'd,

That here I as an unknown stranger stand,

Who nurst her mother that now holds my hand? }

Yet stronger proofs I'll give if you demand.

S. W. Ha, honest nurse, where were my eyes before?

I know thy faithfulness, and need no more;

Yet, from the lab'rinth, to lead out my mind,

Say, to expose her, who was so unkind?

Sir William embraces Peggy, and makes her sit by him.

Yes, surely thou'rt my niece; truth must prevail;

But no more words, till Mause relate her tale.

Pat. Good nurse, go on, nae music's haff fae fine,

Or can give pleasure like like these words of thine.

Mau. Then it was I that sav'd her infant life,

Her death being threatned by an uncle's wife.

The story's lang; but I the secret knew,

How they pursu'd, with avaritious view,
 Her rich estate, of which they're now possess;
 All this to me a confidant confest.
 I heard with horror, and with trembling dread,
 They'd smoor the sakeless orphan in her bed!
 That very night, when all were sunk in rest,
 At mid-night hour, the floor I fastly prest,
 And staw the sleeping innocent away;
 With whom I travell'd some few miles ere day;
 All day I hid me; — when the day was done,
 I kept my journey lighted by the moon,
 Till eastward fifty miles I reach'd these plains,
 Where needful plenty glads your chearful swains:
 Afraid of being found out, I to secure
 My charge, e'en laid her at this shepherd's door,
 And took a neighbouring cottage here, that I,
 Whate'er should happen to her might be by.
 Here honest Glaud himsell, and Symon may
 Remember well, how I that very day
 Frae Roger's father took my little cove.

Glaud, with tears of joy happing down his beard.

I well remember't, Lord reward your love:
 Lang have I with'd for this; for aft I thought
 Sic knowledge sometime should about be brought.

Pat. 'Tis now a crime to doubt: — my joys are full,
 With due obedience to my parent's will.

Sir, with paternal love survey her charms,
 And blame me not for rushing to her arms.
 She's mine by vows; and would, tho' still unknown,
 Have been my wife, when I my vows durst own.

S.W. My niece! my daughter! welcome to my care,
 Sweet image of thy mother, good and fair,
 Equal with Patrick: now my greatest aim,
 Shall be to aid your joys, and well match'd flame.
 My boy, receive her from your father's hand,
 With as good will as either would demand.

Patie and Peggy embrace, and kneel to Sir William.

Pat. With as much joy this blessing I receive,
 As ane wad life, that's sinking in a wave.

Sir WILLIAM raises them.

I give you both my blessing: May your love
Produce a happy race, and still improve.

Peg. My wishes are compleat,—my joys arise,
While I'm half dizzy with the blest surprise.
And am I then a match for my ain lad,
That for me so much gen'rous kindness had?
Lang may Sir William bless these happy plains,
Happy while heaven grant he on them remains.

Pat. Be lang our guardian, still our master be,
We'll only crave what ye shall please to gi'e:
Th' estate be yours, my Peggy's ane to me.

Gla. I hope your honour now will take amends
Of them that fought her life for wicked ends.

S.Wil. The base unnatural villain soon shall know,
That eyes above watch the affairs below.
I'll strip him soon of all to her pertains,
And make him reimburse his ill-got gains.

Peg. To me the views of wealth, and an estate,
Seem light, when put in ballance with my Pate;
For his sake only, I'll ay thankful bow
For such kindness, best of men, to you.

Sym. What double blythness wakens up this day!
I hope now, Sir, you'll na soon haste away,
Sall I unsaddle your horse, and gar prepare
A dinner for ye of hale country fare?
See how much joy unwrinkles every brow:
Our looks hing on the twa, and doat on you;
Ev'n Bauldy the bewitch'd has quite forgot
Fell Madge's taz, and pawky Maufe's plot.

S.Will. Kindly old man, remain with you this day!
I never from these fields again will stray:
Masons and wrights shall soon repair,
And buffy gard'ners shall new planting rear.

Sym. That's the best news I heard this twenty year;
New day breaks up, rough times begin to clear.

Gla. God save the king, and save Sir William lang,
T'enjoy their ain, and raise the shepherd's sang.

Rog. Wha winna dance? wha will refuse to sing?
What shepherd's whistle winna lilt the spring?

Bau. I'm friends with Maufe, — with very Madge I'm
Altho' they skelpet me when woodly fled: (gree'd
I'm now fu' blyth, and frankly can forgive,
To join and sing, *Lang may Sir William live.*

Mad. Lang may he live: — and, Bauldy learn to sleek
Your gab a wee, and think before ye speak;
And never ca' her auld that wants a man,
Else ye may yet some witch's fingers ban.
This day I'll wi' the youngest of ye rant,
And brag for ay that I was ca'd the aunt,
Of our young lady, — my dear bonny bairn!

Peg. No other name I'll ever for you learn,
And my good nurse, how shall I gratefu' be
For a' thy matchless kindness done for me!

Mau. The flowing pleasures of this happy day,
Does fully all I can require repay.

S. Will. To faithful Symon, and kind Glaud to you,
And to your heirs, I give in endless feu,
The mailens ye possess, as justly due,
For acting like kind fathers to the pair,
Who have enough besides, and these can spare.
Maufe, in my house in calmness end your days.
With nought to do, but sing your Maker's praise.

Omnes. The Lord of heaven return your honour's love,
Confirm your joys, and a' your blessings roove.

PATIE presenting ROGER to Sir WILLIAM.

Sir, here's my trusty friend, that always shar'd
My bosom-secrets, ere I was a laird;
Glaud's daughter Janet (Jenny, think nae shame,)
Lais'd, and maintains in him a lovers flame.
Be pleas'd to speak to Glaud for his consent,
That nane may wear a face of discontent.

S. W. My son's demand is fair — Glaud, let me crave,
That trusty Roger may your daughter have,
With frank consent; and while he does remain
Upon these fields, I make him chamberlain.

Gl. You crowd your bounties, Sir, what can we say,
At that we're dyvours that can ne'er repay?

Whate'er your honour wills I shall obey.
Roger, my daughter, with my blessing, take,
And still our master's right your business make.

Pleafe him, be faithful, and this auld grey head
Shall nod with quietness down amang the dead.

Rog. I ne'er was good at speaking a' my days,
Or ever loo'd to make o'er great a fraise:
But for my master, father, and my wife,
I will employ the cares of all my life.

S. Will. My friends, I'm satisfy'd you'll all behave
Each in his station, as I'd wish, or crave,
Be ever virtuous: soon or late ye'll find
Reward and satisfaction to your mind.
Aft when we stand on brinks of dark despair,
Some happy turn, with joy, dispells our care.
Now all's at right, who sings best, let me hear.

Peg. When you command, I readiest should obey:
I'll sing you ane, the newest that I ha'e.

S A N G XX. *Corn-rigs are bonny.*

My Patie is a lover gay.

His mind is never muddy,

His breath is sweeter than new hay,

His face is fair and ruddy.

His shape is handsome, middle size,

He's comely in his wauking;

The shining of his een surprise,

'Tis heaven to hear him tauking.

Last night I met him on a bauk,

Where yellow corn was growing,

There mony a kindly word he spak,

That set my heart a glowing.

He kiss'd, and vow'd he wad be mine,

And loo'd me best of ony.

That gars me like to sing since syne,

O corn-rigs are bonny.

Let lasses of a silly mind

Refuse what maist they're wanting,

Since we for yielding were design'd,

We chasterly should be granting:

Then I'll comply and marry Pate,

And syne my cockernony,

He's free to touzle air or late,

Where corn-rigs are bonny.



I N I S.

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